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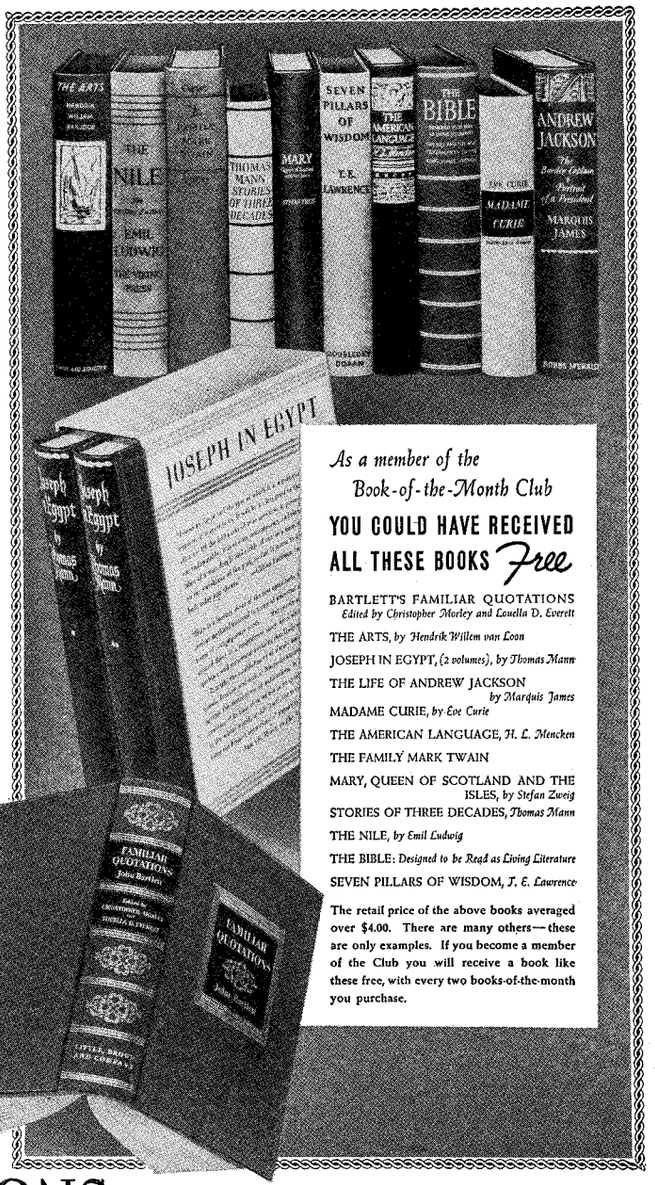
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Scribner's

MAGAZINE

December, 1938
Vol. 104, No. 6

Our January cover is by Eugene Speicher . . . The January issue will bring SCRIBNER'S new book department (see page 4, this issue, for details) . . . Also the $1000-prize winner in our "Life in the United States" contest, together with the names of the winners of the twelve other prizes . . . Among the other high spots is a "Scribner's Examines" article by W. L. White on Pare Lorentz, the young West Virginian who has taken charge of all Government film activities . . . Also planned, an important examination of the post-repeal situation by Will Irwin . . . And the first of a new series on American organizations—an analysis by Henry F. Pringle of the American Newspaper Guild. Readers will recall that it was Mr. Pringle's article "Sex, Esq.," which opened our 1937 series on magazines that sell . . . The January Short Novel is "One Last Wilderness," by Wallace Stegner, whose *Remembering Laughter* won the first award in Little, Brown's novelette competition of 1937.

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Cover Painting by JAMES CHAPIN
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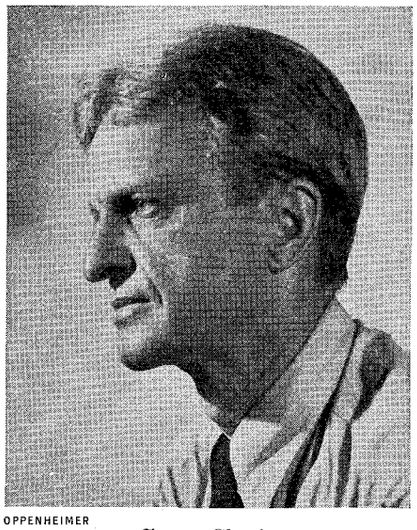
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Fox Hunter (*See Cover*)

The cold-eyed man with the gun is George Marvin, a New Jersey farmer who did his hunting on snowy nights with the aid of a hound and a thorough knowledge of the local fox runs. He posed for this portrait during the winter of 1926, when the artist, James Chapin, was living on his farm.

A Wall Street bank runner for five years after he finished high school in West Orange, New Jersey, Chapin studied art at night in Cooper Union. Later he studied in Antwerp, then returned to New York and made his first important



OPPENHEIMER

James Chapin

sale in 1925. The Rehn Galleries gave him a one-man exhibit two years later, and since then his paintings have been shown and sold steadily.

Four months of the year he lives in a small house in the Jersey woods, the rest of the time, in Greenwich Village. He associates largely with artists, but avoids as much as possible what he calls "the studio life." One day a week he goes to Philadelphia to teach advanced portraiture and composition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He likes teaching, says it has taught him how to express himself without paint and brush.

Announcement

Last month we said that this issue would bring an announcement of plans for a new book department. What we were working on then, and what we have perfected now, is a new technique for examining books. Beginning with our January issue, and thereafter in every issue, this technique will provide our readers with a type of book coverage unavailable in any other magazine.

Instead of one or two reviewers plowing through the tremendous and varied output of publishers, we are bringing together a dozen men recognized as authorities in their respective fields. To each will go all the books in his field and from each will come examinations of those that are meaningful and worthwhile. Here is a list of the fields and of the men who will cover them for SCRIBNER'S:

Biography: Douglas S. Freeman, author of the Pulitzer prize-winning *R. E. Lee* and editor Richmond *News Leader.*

Foreign Affairs: William L. Langer, professor of history at Harvard, author of *The Diplomacy of Imperialism,* etc.; editor *The Rise of Modern Europe.*

Fiction: Carl Van Doren, editor, author of works of fiction and of the current best-selling *Benjamin Franklin.*

Mysteries: S. S. Van Dine, editor, critic, and author of *The Benson Murder Case, The Canary Murder Case, The Gracie Allen Murder Case,* etc., etc., etc.

Art: Thomas Craven, author of *Modern Art, Men of Art,* etc.

Business and Finance: John T. Flynn, author, business expert, syndicated writer on business, finance, and economics.

Military: R. Ernest Dupuy, Major, U. S. A. Co-author of *If War Comes.*

Stage, Screen, and Radio: Richard Watts, drama critic, N. Y. *Herald Tribune.*

Law: Morris Ernst, lawyer, author, and governmental authority.

Sports: Joe Williams, sports editor N. Y. *World-Telegram.*

Details about the men who will handle such other sub-departments as medicine, politics, verse, and special editions will be announced in our next issue.

Notes

Robert Landry has been Radio Editor of *Variety* for thirteen years. . . . S. F. Porter is twenty-five, female, and financial columnist on the N. Y. *Post*. . . . Joe Williams is sports editor of the N. Y. *World-Telegram*. . . . William Patterson is Latin America editor for the A.P. . . . Elick Moll's story, "To Those Who Wait," first published in SCRIBNER'S, won the second O. Henry Prize in 1937 and was reprinted in the O'Brien collection.

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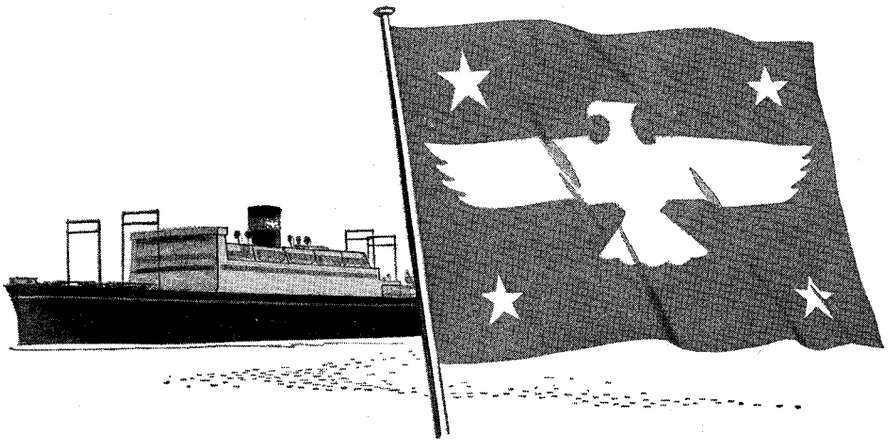

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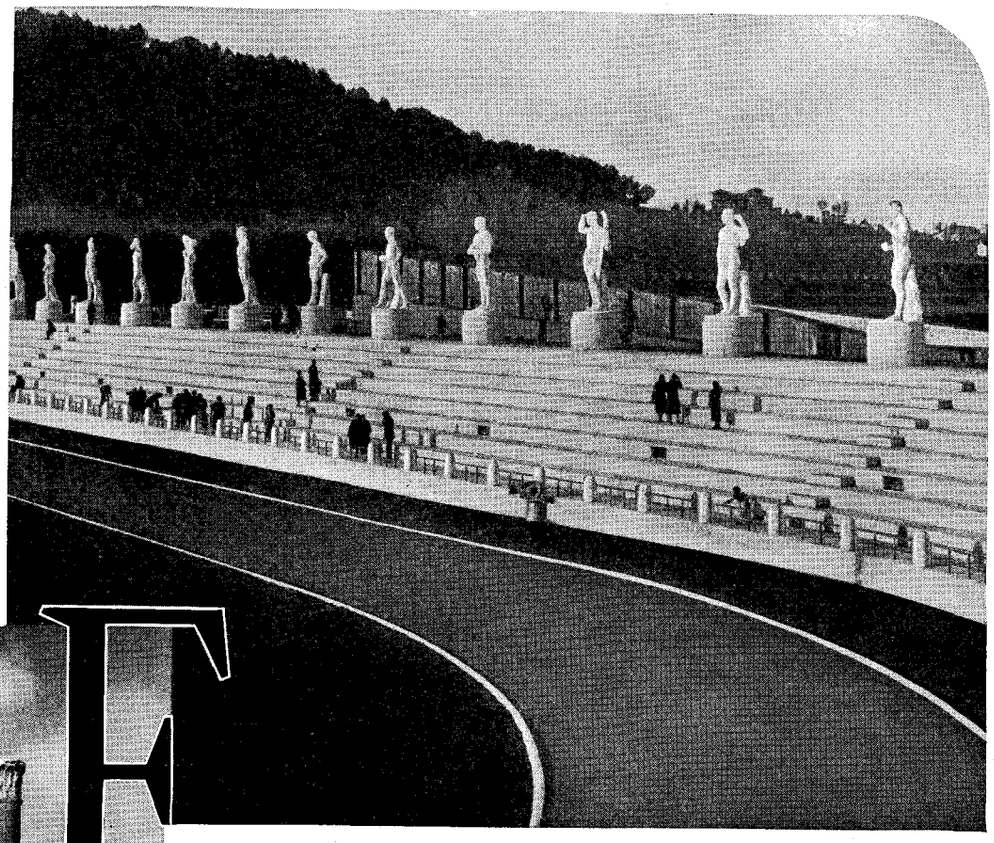

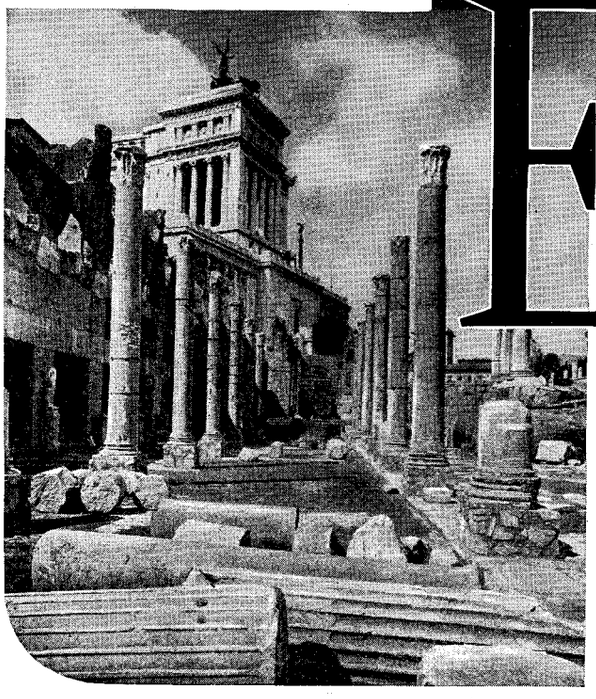

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume 104, Number 6 December, 1938

BOB LEAVITT

Edward R. Murrow

BY ROBERT J. LANDRY

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *a radio foreign correspondent . . . his technique, rivals, and influence on American opinion . . . his tactics in Columbia's battle abroad with NBC*

THE nightmare of September, 1938, reminded the world that the last war bequeathed to the next war not one but two threats from the skies. If the air is heavy with the whirr of winged monsters of destruction, it is also shrill with the venomous hiss of radio propaganda. For example, during the Czechoslovakian crisis, Station WOR made recordings of contradictory short-wave news broadcasts from foreign governments and then rebroadcast them, side by side. No comment was necessary. They dramatized the difficulty of getting at the truth. And to the thoughtful they also suggested this fact: that of all the radiomen in Europe who were putting words on the air, only those working for American networks were even trying to get at the truth. One of these, speaking across the Atlantic Ocean from London, paused late one night and then, in a burst of clarity that comes to some men at

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dawn, summed up the American ideal of radio news. "We are trying," he said, "to provide material on which an opinion may be formed, but we are not trying to suggest what that opinion should be."

The man who made this remark is Edward R. Murrow, chief of the European bureau of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He is one of radio's foreign correspondents and as such he has more influence upon America's reaction to foreign news than a shipful of newspapermen. This influence has not been generally recognized, partly for the reason that the newspaper correspondents have tradition on their side and partly because the networks have played up their commentators rather than their correspondents. But the influence is there, great and growing—and obvious to anyone who knows both radio and the press. As a radio correspondent, Murrow has three advantages over correspondents for the greatest American newspapers:

Fred Bate, NBC's London agent, carries on a Gaston-Alphonse-like rivalry with Murrow

1. He beats the newspapers by hours.

2. He reaches millions who otherwise have to depend on provincial newspapers for their foreign news.

3. He writes his own headlines. That is to say, he emphasizes what he wishes—whereas the newspaper correspondent writes in cablese—then has his copy edited, maybe rewritten, and then published under a bank of headlines in which he has no say.

Ten days of crisis brought Murrow to the microphone many times. Sometimes to talk in his own right; sometimes to introduce or interview such men as Phillip Jordan or Sir Frederick Whyte; sometimes to be interviewed across the Atlantic by Columbia's commentator, Hans von Kaltenborn. As America became accustomed to the cue, "Calling Edward Murrow, come in Ed Murrow," and as the transatlantic transmissions focused attention on international radio, this man who had been a zero in the calculations of fame a week before began to assume familiar dimensions in the public consciousness. People began to feel they knew him. To quote *Variety*, "his name was figuratively up in lights for the first time."

Murrow participated personally in about thirty-five transmissions and arranged or was indirectly concerned with a total of 151 short-wave programs from other European points. The tempo reached a dizzy pace on September 28, when he began his day at 7:00 A.M. with a personal broadcast. He then put on a monologue from Frank Grandin in Paris, a commentator introduced from the House of Commons, a pickup from Prague, an interpolation by Pierre Bedard of Premier Daladier's speech. Then Murrow connected CBS with Berlin to hear William Shirer, went back to Prague for Vincent Sheean. Presently Murrow introduced the Archbishop of Canterbury, later Stephen King-Hall. He ended his day around 6:00 A.M. London time with final summaries from Paris and Czechoslovakia.

Someone has figured out that the Czechoslovakian crisis cost the European nations half a billion dollars in mobilization expenses. It was also an expensive crisis for the American networks. When Murrow spoke into his microphone, the shore-to-shore telephone bill alone mounted at the rate of eight dollars a minute. Cables, oceanic telephone tolls, speakers' fees, rebates to advertisers for time diverted to news programs ran up a grand total for the two networks of $190,000—an unpredictable, unbudgeted expense to keep America tuned in on the bedside of a feverish continent. But the exciting week in which Britain's Prime Minister was three times in an airplane was only one of a series of crises that confronted Edward Murrow in 1938. Earlier, there had been a rather startling novelty called *Anschluss*. And always there were seething undercurrents, sporadic outbreaks, things to worry about like the Polish-Lithuanian ultimatum. Murrow was forever arranging radio programs, contacting foreign offices, radio director-generals, diplomatic correspondents. He lived in the air and in a suitcase and used the long-distance telephone with the lavishness of a Hollywood film producer.

The demand from Columbia headquarters in New York was for more, always more, expert commentaries, eyewitness accounts, special events. Under the most urgent kind of need Murrow learned what he could and could not do. He learned what newspapermen could be relied on to do a good job, and a fast job, before the microphone. He found there was one radio fault with the newspapermen—they were sometimes too busy being newspapermen to have leisure for broadcasts. Murrow had to be prepared at a moment's notice tc step into any breach. He was general understudy to the fourth estate.

Meanwhile the command from New York to Murrow was, "Give us this day our European sensation." And the network expected the program to come across the ocean (with showmanly crescendo!) at the very moment of supreme crisis. Nor did Columbia ever forget its competitor. Columbia's basic conception of something delectable in international lowdown was almost anything that NBC didn't have.

Actually, scoops are not often scored by either side. Perhaps there were two bona fide examples during the Czechoslovakian crisis. Columbia had one from Prague. Maurice Hindus was broadcasting to America when a new Czechoslovakian Government announcement was delivered to the broadcasting studio, and he was able to score a sixteen-minute scoop. NBC retaliated some days

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later from Munich when Max Jordan was forty-six minutes ahead of Columbia with the English translation of the Four-Power agreement.

II

MURROW'S background and previous conditions of servitude help explain how he manages to get around and, more important, to get in. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1905 and like O. Henry, another native of that textile center, moved west at an early age. While passing through Washington State College, the University of Washington, and Leland Stanford, Murrow specialized in politics, speech, and international relations. This phase of his development ended in 1925. He was then a Master of Arts, a Kappa Sigma, and a Southern-born Westerner. For two years he went adventuring as compass man with a timber cruiser through Alaska and British Columbia and then he came out of the woods to become the paid president of the National Student Federation.

N. Y. DAILY NEWS

John Steele is the third U. S. radioman in London. He is agent for the Mutual Network

In January, 1932 he joined the Institute of International Education which is supported by the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations. His post was assistant director under Professor Stephen A. Duggan. During the years with the Student Federation, and later with the Institute, Murrow visited scores of universities in America and Europe, stage-managed international intercollegiate debates, supervised exchange scholarships, administered a special fund to rehabilitate exiled German professors. Most pertinent fact of all in connection with this present job, he got to know dozens of young men destined for the "know" of their native lands, from which some years later Murrow was to be arranging radio broadcasts.

Murrow's scope was geographically wide. He helped students to travel in faraway places—mule trips in Bosnia, canoe trips down the Danube. He wrote a book on *Channels of International Co-operation* with Prof. James Shotwell of Columbia University. He even made a study of the educational system of Mexico. He traveled more than a Real Silk hosiery man, was more collegiate than a cheer leader.

The Columbia Broadcasting System uprooted Murrow from the scented gardens of Foundationism and made him Director of Talks. This was in October, 1935, just in time to toughen up for the presidential campaign of 1936. It was Murrow's job during the dog fight to tell the politicians what they could and couldn't have. If an office seeker felt he had been done dirt in the matter of choice CBS radio time, it was at Murrow that he fired his dire threats of a Congressional investigation. This job dusted off any remaining academic cobwebs on Murrow's coat collar. It gave a sensation like riding at anchor on an exposed naval target and prepared him for international radio.

In May, 1937, Caesar Saerchinger, who had represented Columbia in Europe for seven years, resigned. Saerchinger was the pioneer and the dean of the brand-new and relatively esoteric profession of foreign radio representative. He quit because there was no future! Columbia did not place too high a value on the job. Further financial advancement was improbable. Although the abdication crisis, which Saerchinger handled, had given an intimation of the high dramatic voltage of which European statesmanship was capable, Columbia did not rank the foreign job as more than a routine assignment, attractive because of residence in London and calling for an able and polished functionary but one who ranked as a minor personage and in no sense a major personality. But to Murrow the job epitomized everything he was interested in. He kissed the Democrats and Republicans good-by, and arrived in London in time to see the English crown pass to the second in line.

Murrow is tall without being lanky, darkish without being swarthy, young without being boyish, dignified without being uncomfortable. Despite his long immersion in faculty circles, he has no tea-time accent and no curl to the small finger. He's more a Scotch-and-story man, tall glass but not tall forehead. But he knows what the big words mean.

III

WHEN Murrow arrived in London he was presented to Sir John Reith, then head of the British Broadcasting Company. Sir John is a great giant of a man, a Presbyterian from Scotland, long in principle and, in public at least, short on humor. He is successfully and deliberately awesome. "Why," he demanded, "did they send you over here?"

"I really don't know," replied Murrow.

"Well," continued Sir John, "in view of your record I daresay your company's programs in the future will be a little more intellectual."

"On the contrary," Murrow disagreed, "I want our programs to be anything but intellectual. I want them to be down to earth, in the vernacular of the man in the street."

"Humph," snorted the Briton, "then you will drag radio down to the level of Hyde Park Corner."

"Exactly. And literally, I also plan to broadcast from English pubs, from the Brighton Pier, and from crowded places on bank holidays."

This seemed typically American and therefore beneath

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contempt, but Sir John nevertheless explained that the policy of England was to give the people what they should have.

"We are not so daring, Sir John," replied Murrow. "We give the people what they like."

Reith, however, made no effort to stop Murrow from degrading American listeners, and in due time, Murrow arranged such transoceanic tidbits as "Experiences of a London Cabby and Impressions of Americans by Herbert Hodge" or "Saturday Night in the Spread Eagle Pub at Little Barfield, Sussex." Even during the Czechoslovakian dispute he put the Cabby on the air to tell America what London was thinking.

Max Jordan, NBC's Continental agent, has beat CBS several times on news from Germany

Such events and even serious broadcasts about foreign politics constitute little threat to England since they go out to America only and can't be heard in England. In London the proper people always know what would or would not please the proper people. News is not censored; it is merely omitted. Captain Anthony Eden's talk from the English-Speaking Union banquet, for example, was not deleted; it was simply not scheduled by BBC. But even before the crisis, Murrow had sensed the news value of any speech by Eden and had put it on his schedule. When the day arrived for the speech, the Sudeten crisis was hot and Murrow then had something for which NBC would have given its shirt. (Incidentally, during the Eden broadcast to America the telephone lines to Murrow's office were flooded by requests from Englishmen to know if there was any way they could tune it in.)

IV

The elements of rivalry between CBS and NBC are numerous and subtle. Murrow found that England plays no favorites, treats all alike. Any BBC program may be picked up by an American network if notice is given twenty-one days ahead. If all networks ask for it, all get it. If only one comes within the time limit, the arrangement is exclusive.

Murrow has helped shatter any remaining illusions in Europe that the National Broadcasting Company is in any way "official." This mistaken notion, useful to NBC and annoying to CBS, was encountered frequently in earlier years. In Australia, Canada, and France there is a "national" system side by side with private stations, and this no doubt explains the impression that Columbia was the outsider.

In London, Murrow found Fred Bate established as the agent of NBC. Bate, a former Chicago artist, is an older man with twenty years' experience in Europe as newspaperman, businessman, and member of the secretariat of the Owen D. Young Reparations Commission. Bate is urbane, dapper, quietly efficient, widely acquainted, socially acceptable rather than "social." He is a personal friend of the Duke of Windsor. Actually he and Murrow are gentlemanly in the extreme, although the rivalry between the networks would not always suggest this. Colleagues of both men were amused when a joint broadcast was arranged at the flying field near Paris on the occasion of Howard Hughes' arrival. Murrow and Bate outdid each other in well-mannered old-boying and you-firsting of each other. It was worthy of those classic Frenchmen, Gaston and Alphonse.

Yet there was another occasion when collaboration was the order of the day, and the man Murrow hired violated an agreement NOT to identify either network in any way. A reference was made to Kaltenborn, who is quite definitely a CBS trademark. (So much so that a banquet was cooked up for him after the crisis.) Murrow hastened to apologize to Fred Bate, but it is doubtful that Bate could remove NBC convictions that CBS blunders only by calculation. This fancy is probably sheer flattery, but a reaction springs from the fact that the gigantic NBC organization has seen itself outslicked quite often by its fast-stepping rival. Murrow is aided by William Shirer, a former Chicago *Tribune* man who came to CBS from Universal News. Bate's Continental sidekick is Max Jordan, a former INS correspondent who holds a doctor's degree from the University of Jena. Jordan headquarters at Basle, Shirer at Geneva. Mutual, the third American network, is represented by John Steele, who was chief of the Chicago *Tribune's* London bureau from 1919 to 1935.

Murrow has made little progress in Germany. NBC still has the inside track. Before the Nazi regime, NBC signed a five-year contract with Germany's state radio system. In 1934 this contract ran out and, although not formally renewed, it remains in force to the extent of assuring NBC first rejection rights, a situation that continues to enrage Columbia. Murrow's efforts to force German parity for CBS have run against a stone wall, although supported by overtures in Berlin and Washington, and a Kaltenborn visit with Herr Goebbels. Max Jordan is a suave plenipotentiary for NBC—his scoop on the Munich pact speaks for itself.

When, early in 1938, the events leading up to *Anschluss* focused attention on Vienna, Murrow again discovered the long arm of NBC. An exclusive contract with Ravag, the Austrian state radio monopoly, shut out Columbia entirely. In high pique at the reports he received from Murrow, William S. Paley, Columbia's president, telephoned Lenox R. Lohr, president of NBC, to protest

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this situation. NBC thereupon cabled Ravag that, if agreeable to them, NBC would relax its rights for a period of one week and let Columbia into Vienna. A galling courtesy!

At this point, Columbia's amazing knack of converting events to its own purposes was vividly illustrated. *Anschluss* was scarcely completed when the CBS sales-promotion staff in New York brought out a brochure, cleverly written and handsomely printed at a cost of $7000. It bore the intriguing title: *Vienna, March 1938: A Footnote to History.* It artfully arranged the calendar of news flashes so as to present a fascinating story which, incidental to its fascination, conveyed the impression without saying so that Columbia had been omnipresent and omnipotent throughout.

LAGEMANN

William Shirer, assistant to Murrow, handles Continental news from CBS's office in Geneva

NBC's scoop in Vienna was indisputable, a matter of days rather than hours. *The March of Time* newsreel made a sequence based on this scoop and the manner in which the whole news coverage was handled by NBC. This newsreel idea was the child of the NBC publicity staff, but in the interim the slick CBS brochure appeared and stole the show.

There was more to come. The Headliners Club of Atlantic City presently awarded a medal to Murrow. There was a photograph duly taken of the presentation of the medal. And only NBC was unkind enough to point out that Paul White, who, as head of Columbia's public-events division, is Murrow's chief, was on the board of the Headliners Club. NBC was angry, amused, and sarcastic, claiming it was the first time a reporter ever got an award for not getting a story. CBS's answer was that White had actually nominated NBC's Jordan for the honor, but that the anti-Nazi committee had turned Jordan down.

V

ALTHOUGH no engineer by training, Murrow often has to be one in practice. A consummated broadcast, apart from any and all other hurdles and dangers, rests upon the engineers and equipment available at a given point in Europe. By American standards, Murrow has found that much of the equipment is antique. For example, when broadcasting Bastille Day ceremonies from Paris he had to supervise three pickup microphones without earphones or other interconnecting control devices. Signals and timing had to be done in the crowded Place de la Bastille by the primitive method of waving and gesticulation.

Nowhere on the Continent is there any realization of the split-second timing characteristic of America and to which Murrow, operating in Europe, must coincide all his activities. Once, in France, Murrow encountered his engineers playing cards in easy recline exactly twenty seconds by the stop watch before the broadcast was to begin. With them 7:04 is as good as 7:00 on the nose. The British, while starting on time as a rule, do not in their own programming worry if they fail to span their full allotment. An interval of silence until the next program is commonplace.

American radio has, of course, made a ritual of punctuality, not only because time has been sold and has to be exactly counted out, but because the entire nation has displayed a willingness to be on time for radio's convenience. There have been all sorts of public events re-scheduled for the sake of getting on the air. Local baseball, football, basketball, horse races, public rallies have been moved ahead or moved back. In view of the habit of deference in America, it is possible to understand an American network official's surprise when he received a negative answer to his cable to Holland: "Will carry Her Majesty's address if you can make it an hour later."

In the remote corners of Europe particularly it was once necessary to pass gratuities to get action. But Murrow finds that the delays and hesitations of minor officials do not usually spring from itching palms but rather from a stiff-necked letter-of-the-regulations attitude. Everything must be carefully specified in the authorization, the blueprint must leave no need for improvisation or instantaneous decisions. Since the American radio representative must work with and through the government post office, the invariable steward of all communications, it becomes a question of learning how to do it their way.

A gatekeeper of an English university gave Murrow a harrowing experience. Having arranged for a lord and a knight to speak to America, and having installed lines and mikes in the university's main building, Murrow wished to make sure that the speakers could enter the building at the scheduled time, midnight. And that was where he clashed with the gatekeeper, a man steeped in tradition. It appeared that at midnight the gatekeeper left his post, crossed to the other side of the campus, and switched off a row of lights. During this trip he could not possibly leave the front doors unlocked. Nothing would budge him from blind unreasoning devotion to the need for carrying out regulations. Murrow finally had to convince him that this was one time that following regulations with too donkey-like devotion would be rewarded with an official kick in the pants.

Formalities of a nonessential character are forever challenging Murrow. Once he wished to contact Winston Churchill to make a talk. Murrow's English secretary was horrified when told to get (*continued on page* 50)

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Debut in Texas

MABEL DUKE

FIRST-HAND observation of a novel social frontier . . . girls launched like the chorus of a Shubert revue . . . procedure and feuds . . . a Life in the U. S. article

THE WEST may no longer offer unlimited opportunity for young adventurers, but it has disclosed a new frontier for another species of fortune hunter—the debutante. Cattle, cotton, and oil wealth have given this section the means for lavish display, and Texas parties rival in splendor and bad taste the balls of Park Avenue and the Gold Coast.

Many Northern girls with relatives or friends in Texas visit the Southwest to "come out" in preference to a debut at home. They have arrived from Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Chicago, and other points. After striving for distinction in these congested centers, where hostesses rent lists of eligible bachelors from social secretaries, the Northern social buds are electrified to witness the fuss made over their prairie-flower counterparts. This region boasts of a social season unsurpassed in these United States for excitement and ostentation. But the chief lure to the social prospector abandoning depleted Eastern fields is the rare collaboration of men in the social scene.

For in Texas society the debutantes are sponsored not by their parents but by their beaux. The eligible young men of the community, organized into exclusive clubs, engineer the formal introduction of the marriageable young ladies. They do it on a job-lot basis, launching all the girls at one fell swoop like the chorus of a Shubert revue.

As the traditional debut is likened to the marriage market of antiquity, so the Southwestern coming-out parties invite comparison to the old Texas roundups when the year's champion stock was exhibited with pride and gusto.

The season begins early in November when each city's ranking club gives the formal Debutante Ball. Hosts are the club's bachelor members. They are rising young business and professional men, fast becoming established, and good catches, all. There is no padding of stag lines with gauche college youths. These are denied membership until after graduation. The danger of senility and conservatism at the opposite end of the membership scale is likewise obviated. As the young blades marry off, they are automatically retired to the honorary membership ranks, with no obligation other than paying extravagant dues.

In Dallas the clubs are the Idlewild and the Terpsichorean; in Houston, the Allegro; in San Antonio, the German Club, with a host of younger groups in each community. Fort Worth reverts surprisingly to tradition and here it is a woman's organization, the Assembly, which first brings out the daughters and nieces of its members. But this is only preliminary to the ball of the Steeplechase Club, the male organization, which again introduces the Assembly girls plus any others whom the men wish to include.

DRAWING BY PETER HELCK

The procedure follows a fixed pattern. Early in the fall, the men call a conference to select debutantes and plan their presentation. About a dozen candidates from the leisure class just out of school and planning to be at home for the season are nominated; a vote is polled; and engraved invitations are extended to the girls elected to join the group of social fledglings.

The number of debutantes averages about a dozen per city. Fort Worth last year saw fourteen presented by the Assembly with two more added by the men's Steeplechase, totaling sixteen. San Antonio had fourteen. Elsewhere the recession drastically reduced the yield to four for Dallas and three for Houston. But with fair weather in business, a bumper crop is indicated this season.

The scene of the introduction is the largest ballroom of

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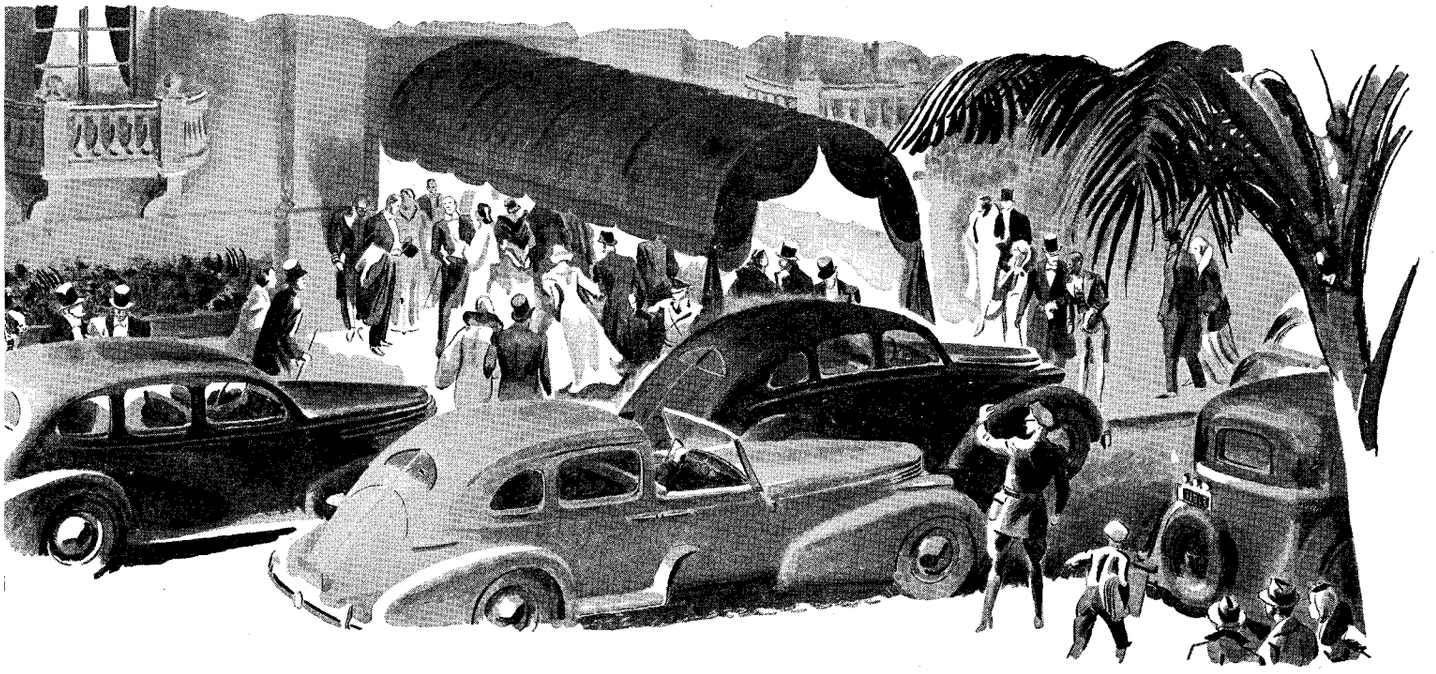
the city's smartest hotel or country club. If the bills for Texas balls are less than the exorbitant sums publicized for Eastern entertainments, it is not that the effects are simpler, but that equal display is understandably less dear on Main Street than on Fifth Avenue. Budgets of $5000 for one evening of diversion are common, and a figure of $8000 is not rare. A large slice of the budget goes to import high-salaried Eastern bands to play for dancing.

A lot of thought is given to the devising of suitable settings. In the affluent twenties, the gentlemen outdid themselves to think up original motifs each year to surpass their previous efforts. They entertained variously in a romantic Japanese garden with pagodas and artificial lakes, or a palatial reproduction of the court of Louis XIV. One year in a formal garden setting, eight hundred full-blown chrysanthemums composed a single bouquet in the center of the Idlewild ballroom, with thousands more clustered dramatically over the walls. But the depression and later the recession necessitated retrenchments. Resourceful



committees draped a few yards of gold tissue economically over the lighting fixtures and called it "Motif Moderne," or set up white papier-mâché pilasters for a "Greek Classique" theme. Now the old way is returning. The boys are talking in terms of Southern plantations or simulated penthouses with murals depicting the skyline view.

When men assume the reins of social intercourse, they dispense with nonessentials. There is no receiving line of parents and honorees, nor of the hosts, to greet guests at the door. No formal announcing of arrivals by uniformed flunkies. A typical procedure is this:

In response to the club's crested invitations, the guests assemble in the lavishly adorned ballroom. Or occasionally they arrive to discover closed doors barring their entrance. In this event they cool their heels in the foyer as some six hundred other guests arrive and crowd in impatiently. Suddenly the doors are swung wide. A gasp at the magnificence of the decorations is drowned by a rush for strategic positions along tulle ribbons which mark off a low dais and wide aisle. Chairs about the ballroom are utilized as guests mount them for a better view of the "stage." Agile guests climb onto the bandstand.

The drums resound for quiet.

The club president steps forward with a beaming smile, faces a microphone, and his amplified voice booms out, "Ladies and gentlemen, the —— Club welcomes you and presents the debutantes of 193–!"

Before the cheering spectators, the curtains on the dais part and a glittering spotlight floods the stage. To the tune of swing music—a theme song for each girl—out step, one at a time, as their names are blared forth, the season's debutantes. All, extravagantly gowned and bejeweled, all carrying identical bouquets presented by the club.

Each girl curtsies to the president, then to the applauding audience. Her escort is waiting among the row of boiled-shirt fronts lined against the wall. He steps forward and offers his arm. At some parties they are now swept onto the floor for the "debutantes' dance" while the spectators beam approvingly from beyond the tulle-bordered aisles and from their perches on chairs and bandstand. At others, they take their places for the grand march and parade in state around the hall. Dancing follows and goes on and on until morning, with an interval for champagne supper at midnight. Thus she's "out." But this is only the beginning. Men of the younger social clubs are already preparing their debutante balls. At each of these this formula will be repeated and, before the same select aggregation of local society, the same debutantes will be re-presented in bunches like bananas.

(The morning after the balls, the masses of floral decorations are dispatched to the local children's hospitals.

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The Idlewild boys go even further in their generosity. With a grand flourish after the last guests depart, they bestow the whole stage set on the Negro help which has served them through the evening. These hotel waiters have organized themselves into a social club after their patrons' example, and call it the Negro Idlewild. They now tote their prize to a hall in the colored community, call in a band and give a ball of their own. Here the debutantes of Little Harlem are formally presented in the same elaborate setting which framed the white folks' party a few nights before.)

Sometimes the clubmen find opportunity for other service to their social godchildren, to the extent on one occasion of producing a modern-dress version of a shotgun wedding. The bride was a glamorous creature whose family invested its depleted bank roll in trappings for the daughter's debut. This was to pay prompt and profitable dividends in a wealthy marriage. The bridegroom was a personable visitor from the East, presumably with a Wall Street fortune, but actually a bond salesman with ambitions to marry wealth.

Shortly before the wedding date the couple discovered in mutual dismay that each was penniless and had been envisioning in the other the mirage of a gold mine. The girl wanted to be philosophical. What with the invitations out and wedding gifts pouring in, she would go through like a good sport. But the young New Yorker, crying he'd been swindled, packed his bags to return home.

In despair at the threat of public humiliation, the bride appealed to a group of sympathetic clubmen who had sponsored her election to the debutante set. They listened to her story with mounting indignation. No damn Yankee could get away with a trick like that!

Well, the ceremony was performed, but with a sudden reversal in plans which, curiously, put the local clubmen in the rôles of ushers and best man, succeeding the groom's college pals who had journeyed to Texas to take part in the wedding. Scarcely any of the guests noticed the grim mien of the ushers nor perceived the slight but sinister bulge in the best man's pocket where nestled a businesslike .32 beside the virginal diamond-encircled wedding band.

Strangely enough, the marriage after ten years appears to be successful. There are a couple of handsome children whom the club expects to honor one day with a membership for the boy and a debut for the girl.

To rate the club's debutante list a candidate must have certain qualifications, but it is not a difficult attainment. The girls of greatest wealth and "best" position are often least interested in the fuss of a formal debut and must be sold the idea by the clubmen before they will accept. On the other hand if a girl's own charm and background are insufficient to recommend her, sometimes her father brings pressure to bear as employer or creditor of club officials. Generally speaking, family standing, financial rating, and school connections are the chief considerations.

Great wealth is not essential, but it makes pleasanter the way. The girl's chief expenses are a varied wardrobe and a return party sometime during the winter. This may be a great ball or a simple tea. Daughters of the cattle barons and oil princes do the season on a grand scale with French imported ball gowns and dazzling display. But it is possible to manage on a shoe string, as in the case of the shotgun bride.

As for family position, background necessarily has an elastic interpretation in a society whose earliest antecedents migrated to the territory in covered wagons or, occasionally, in advance of a posse, and struck it rich in Longhorn cattle, Lonestar cotton or, better still, oil. If there is a skeleton in the family closet, the rating of the second generation stills its rattling.

Despite many advantages, the Texas debutante bears adversities too.

With such a bevy of leading ladies in the cast, it is inevitable that rivalries ensue as to who is star of the show. Rehearsals on the eve of the ball frequently take on that greenish hue peculiar to Hollywood casting offices filled with potential Shirley Temples and fond mamas. As Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. Gann made an issue over which should go in first to dinner, so the debutantes feud over who shall curtsy first on the dais.

The clubmen have devised a simple ruling to quell such discord which Washington official society, so beleaguered with problems of precedence, might imitate. For it brooks no appeal and only Fate herself can be charged with favoritism. The order is simple: the officers' "dates" first and then the others, in the alphabetical listing of Papa's surname. The girls must stoically assent or retire from the debutante ranks.

Even so, contingencies arise. A feud which rocked the debutante set originated at the Idlewild a few seasons back when two girls appeared at their mutual coming out party attired in identical frocks. The dress, I believe, was Lanvin's peacock gown—a ravishing creation. One wore the original model imported for the occasion and the other wore a clever copy marketed by a local merchant.

Hostilities were hastened when a couple of prankish newspaper reporters learned of the duplication twenty-four hours before the ball. They spent the evening anonymously telephoning club officials, parents, and girls, stirring up a good story. The effect they anticipated was immediate. The social set organized into two camps before midnight. Recriminations flew through the air. One of the girls, in her "peacock," rode to the ball with a police escort, fearing abduction or assault. But the club officials, under fire, maintained a serene neutrality. Even in such an emergency, they decreed, the club ruling must apply. The original owner was forced to see her rival step first onto the dais, because her name began with "E," while she, wearing the authentic import, fumed ineffectually until the president reach the "M's."

While elsewhere, girls worry over having their dances claimed, being tagged frequently and avoiding the tragedy of being "stuck," a Texas socialite may have to fret over arriving at her party at all. Park Avenue debs evade this issue by going about in the family car if necessary, arriving and returning from so- (*continued on page* 52)

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The All-Americas

JOE WILLIAMS

FOOTBALL'S *fifty-year-old by-product . . . its origin, sales value, and pulling power . . . Christy Walsh's sweater-and-blanket scheme . . . how the* Post *rushed the season*

THE All-America Football Team is as outmoded as the mustache cup, yet it appears to be as deathless as Mr. Whistler's famous mother. Year after year the long-haired realists of sports literature stagger to their plainly shod feet and denounce the thing as a vicious fraud, spawned in critical egoism, and nurtured in publishing greed. They reluctantly admit that 'way back in 1889 when Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States and a sidecar had to do with railroading instead of tippling, there may have been some slight excuse for Caspar Whitney of *Harper's Weekly* investing himself with the robes of a Delphic oracle.

That was the year of the birth of the first All-America team and since the game, just emerging from the Rugby stage, was more or less restricted to the East, it was not an altogether impossible task to select eleven players who might conceivably be the best at their respective positions.

The critics yield further and concede that when Walter Camp, more or less accurately known as the Father of American Football, came along a decade later and blithely adopted the Whitney brain child, the assignment had still not reached a point of utter chaos, although the game was spreading fast, even then.

"But now!" they scream, digging angry divots of hirsute out of their steaming scalps, "with 464 colleges playing the game and some 13,000 young men in action every week end, how can anybody or any agency be so presumptuous as to pretend to be able to select the eleven best? It just doesn't make sense."

And of course it doesn't. And yet the All-America hysteria, admitting it is almost completely without substance and verges on the idiotic, is more virulent today than ever. It commands more space in magazines and newspapers than ever before and theoretically the succulent details are more avidly consumed by readers than at any previous time.

I say theoretically because it may be that some editors are slaves to custom and not easily persuaded to jettison a feature that in the past had demonstrable pulling power. No one who has given even casual thought to the subject can question for a second that the All-America formula is ridiculous and absurd in the extreme. That it continues to command attention in a reasonably enlightened age, if it does, is one of the not-so-sweet mysteries of life.

COURTESY COLLIER'S

The page on which Walter Camp made his first All-America selection. Collier's Weekly, *January 6, 1900*

Early last fall the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* had their football writer, Francis Wallace, select an honorary eleven before the season had even started. This would have been the supreme gesture of ridicule except that Critic Wallace kept a severely straight face throughout the piece.

But the chances are this team will be as acceptable as any other picked for the 1938 season, not because Critic Wallace is endowed with superior gifts, but because it is the practice to single out the better-known, more widely publicized players and splatter them with gold dust and printer's ink.

Even Camp was not above this comfortable practice, and he functioned at a time when

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the selections were much less difficult to guess. Just as lesser mortals in the reviewing stand succumbed to the siren call of the ballyhoo, so did the great White Father. Like the others, before and after him, he was not immune to headline poisoning.

There was something approaching a mild riot at West Point in 1913, for instance, when Camp awarded one of the end positions on his mythical team to Lou Merrillat, a Fancy Dan who made Speaker-like catches of forward passes, and ignored the player who made the catches possible, a young soldier named Pritchard who was known on the Plains as "Nig."

Apparently Camp had never heard of Pritchard. Anyway he didn't even give him a spot on this third team that year, and Pritchard was one of the finest quarterbacks and passers the hay-foot, straw-foot boys ever had. It is axiomatic that anybody can catch a pass, but it takes high skill to throw one accurately. But the fair-haired boy who gets the headlines is the one who grabs the ball out of the air and runs for a touchdown.

Ten years later Camp found himself up to his oracular ears in another vat of hot water when he turned the back of his neck to the gridiron genius of Ernie Nevers of Stanford, generally admitted by all who ever saw him in action to be one of the most gifted fullbacks of all time. To make matters worse, Camp gave the fullback post to Bill Mallory, another fine fullback, but hardly up to the standard of Nevers, and Mallory, like Camp, happened to be a Yale man. You can imagine how this appointment with implications of Old Eli partisanship was received by the Western press and public.

It was at about this time that Camp, who still had the All-America field more or less to himself, began to indicate a mounting lack of enthusiasm for the yowling infant he had snatched from the Whitney cradle. The brat was becoming entirely too troublesome, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to explain some of its peculiar behaviorisms.

Already Camp had discarded his velvet cloak of Jovian authority in favor of the less impressive but serviceable tweeds of the apologist. In presenting his annual eleven immortals, he would admit that possibly there were others who were just as good whom he had overlooked but "with the assistance of competent observers" from coast to coast he was sure—reasonably sure, anyway—that this was a pretty fair team, practically the best, etc.

II

WHEN Camp died, and I can believe he died happily, two years later, there was a mad scramble for the mantle of the old maestro. True, it was tattered, frayed at the edges, and worn threadbare in the region of the haunches, but it was still a fairly desirable heritage. "Successor to Camp" was still a commodity that had a certain sales value.

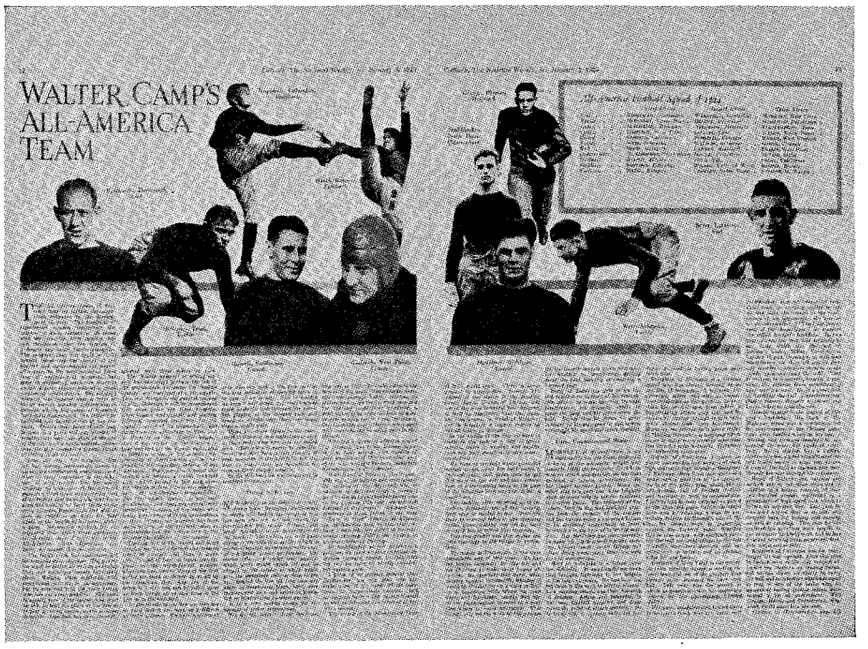
Actually Camp had no successor. Years before his death he himself had ceased to be an institution. The widespread growth of football throughout the country and the dawning consciousness that no expert, no matter how carefully or systematically he went about the job, could possibly do it full credit, had done something to the high-priest business.

Indeed, Camp's status had reached a point where he was just another guy who was in there guessing. Of course, he was duly esteemed in the circles where his papal blessings happened to fall, but in the archdeaconries which failed to receive his holy favors he was viewed as something less than the prince of the pigskin gods. Many unkind words were uttered and printed about the loose critical judgments of the gentleman before he went to his Maker.

But this didn't stop the mania for All-America teams. The most distinguished football expert of them all had gone to his grave with ridicule exploding in his ears; reams and reams of copy had been written about the emptiness and futility of the practice; leading athletic directors, coaches, and matured players had given it the fine-feathered bird.

What was the result? There are more All-America teams today than ever. What was left of the Camp mantle was dutifully and tenderly preserved by *Collier's,* the periodical in which the master's occult findings were solemnly presented each year, and for many years.

The garment was altered here and there to fit the sufficiently broad and worthy shoulders of Grantland Rice, dean of American sports writers, and probably the most



COURTESY COLLIER'S

Walter Camp's last All-America team, which included the famed Red Grange. The next year, 1926, Collier's *had Grantland Rice bestowing the honors*

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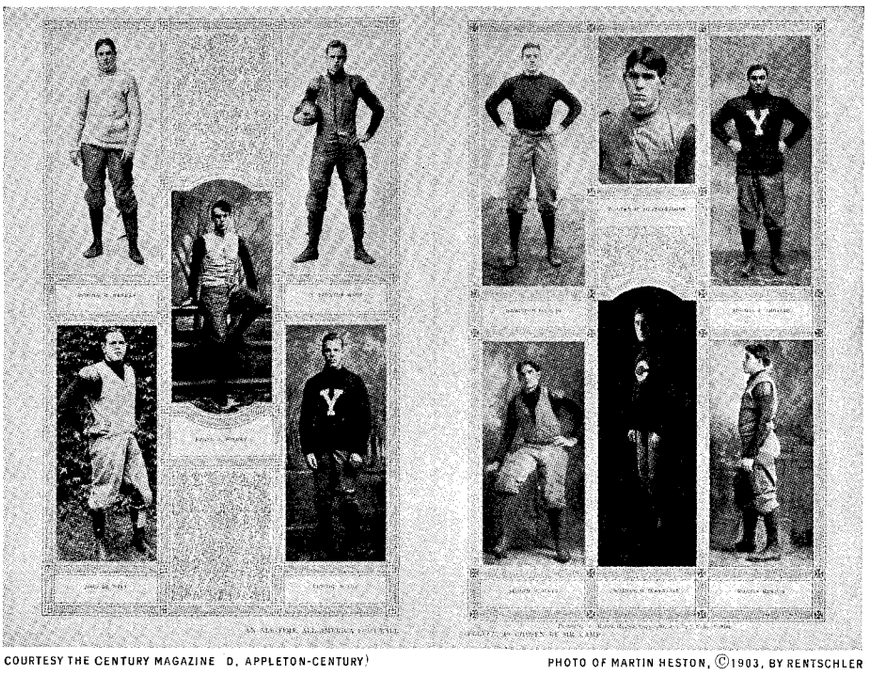
competent of the football critics. The hem was shortened, the waistline taken in, and the sleeves readjusted. All this took the form of an Advisory Board, made up of newspaper helpers in various parts of the country. Thus Rice and *Collier's* set out to carry on the Camp tradition—and at last reports they were doing better than any of the others who sat in with mock sorrow at the wake.

Meanwhile, other forces were at work. The newspaper chains and wire services, the syndicates and contemporary magazines were weaving their own epic All-Americas and presenting them as being just as good as any other you could buy in the market—which they probably were, and are. The result was, and is, that today you never find two All-America teams that agree in every position, although all the teams invariably include a high percentage of repetitions. These are the most talked of players, the most highly publicized, some deservedly so, some not. So scrambled has become the All-America field, and so important the exploitation factors, that the various producers find it increasingly difficult to design new packages for the same old, stable product. Hence the unending assortment of All- teams, the All-America, the All-United States, the All-Opponents, etc.

The most interesting development in the post-Camp era was the formation of the All-America Board of Football. This was a forthright commercial enterprise with no motive other than to capitalize on the growing reader interest in football.

Christy Walsh, now identified in sports promotion in connection with the New York World's Fair, fathered the Board, which is still active. Previously Mr. Walsh had made himself prominent in newspaper-syndicate circles by the circusy and highly successful manner in which he exploited Babe Ruth, the gaudy baseball slugger.



COURTESY THE CENTURY MAGAZINE D. APPLETON-CENTURY) PHOTO OF MARTIN HESTON, ©1903, BY RENTSCHLER

Even the Century Magazine *featured Camp's choices; in February, 1910, it published the above spread on his "All-Time, All-America Football Eleven"*

Mr. Walsh made a great deal of money out of and for Ruth and when Camp died he moved in with the others to try to get a hunk of the estate. He reasoned—and it was hard to argue against him—that Camp had never picked his teams for the sheer fun of it, that *Collier's* must have found the publishing of them profitable, and the only reason newspapers ran the honor squads was because it was supposed to stimulate circulation. And in passing he recalled that even such a patrician dowager in the magazine field as the old *Century* once ran a super collection of Mr. Camp's immortals.

So, frankly and shamelessly devoid of any rah-rah hooey, Mr. Walsh got himself four coaches, representing the major geographical sections of the country, and formed his Board. On the theory that these four coaches —at that time the Board was made up of Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, Tad Jones of Yale, Bill Alexander of Georgia Tech, and Pop Warner of Stanford—watching games in their respective sections, would be better qualified to make fool-proof selections, Mr. Walsh contended this was an improvement over anything that had gone before.

Either there was a persuasive plausibility about Mr. Walsh's contention or else he was a splendid salesman, because in due time he had planted his Board's selections in most of the leading newspapers in the country, and almost without exception they were presented as "The official All-America team." Even Camp had never attempted to be that arbitrary.

One of Mr. Walsh's selling points, attesting to the superiority of his Board, was that the members always met in person and sat down in grave and profound consultation before they made their selections. Obviously this eliminated all guesswork and made the team strictly the McCoy. Once Rockne was ill and the other members had to come to his bedside to perform the combined rituals. Mr. Walsh still has the photograph of this stirring tableau with which he delights in silencing scoffers.

Of course, once the coaches got together, Mr. Walsh had no control over their technical or judicial movements, and if one of the celebrated mentors happened to say, "Now it won't do me any harm around here if we put Smith on the squad," and another would say, "That's all right by me, but I want Brown from out my way on there, too," there was nothing Mr. Walsh could do about it. This isn't entirely fantasy, either. There are tricks in all trades, including coaching where alumni pressure, stadium overhead, and schedules create problems of a delicate but nonetheless vital nature —at least vital to the continued incumbency of the head coach.

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It doesn't do a college much good to have a strong team and a weak schedule. There isn't any interest among the cash customers in pop-over games these days. Therefore, it is imperative that the opposition must be distinguished and worthy, also that extreme care and diplomacy must be exercised to see that a money-drawing opponent is not offended.

Rockne had this in mind some years ago when he insisted at a conference of Mr. Walsh's Board that a certain Northwestern linesman be included on the cash-and-carry All-America. He wasn't the best at his position in the country by any means, wasn't the best even in his own league, but Northwestern was a good box-office attraction. What was more, the time had come to enter into negotiations with Northwestern for a new contract. Rockne was the Midwestern representative on the Board. It would be a gesture of neighborly friendliness with undertones of business acumen if he saw to it that the Northwestern linesman was placed on the All- team. Apparently his colleagues were understanding and sympathetic, possibly having faced similar situations, so the Northwestern youth was duly anointed by the Four Wise Men, and, just as an interesting coincidence, Northwestern and Notre Dame continued to meet on what is known as the battle-scarred greensward.

There was nothing sacred about the All-America to Mr. Walsh and, while keeping it clean, according to his lights, he gave it the promotional business from the beginning. He had sweaters and blankets made for his immortals and had them photographed, always with the All-America Board of Football shield, duly patented with all rights reserved, conspicuously in evidence. Somehow these photographs always found their way into the newspapers, and at frequent intervals the presentations of the regal habiliments were recorded for posterity in the newsreels, usually with Mr. Walsh, or one of his aides, getting over a nice fat blurb for the Board and its excellent work in behalf of the great autumnal pastime.

Mr. Walsh professes to be very sentimental about his immortals, and if you drop in on him at his office, he will go through his correspondence to show you how genuinely the work of his Board is appreciated. Delving into a file marked "F," he will come up with a letter from Samuel M. Felton, Harvard '13, which reads, "Is it possible for former All-America selections to buy the blanket and sweater? If so, where? Walter Camp was kind enough to place me at end on his All- team of 1912."

This manifestation of interest on the part of Felton, one of Harvard's standouts in the pre-war days, is proof enough to Mr. Walsh that he is conducting a noble enterprise and not a commercial racket, as some of his critics have so harshly insinuated. When it was suggested that perhaps Felton was just a boy at heart, Mr. Walsh turned and walked away in a quiet but smouldering rage.

III

PERSUASIVE headlines have always influenced the selections of the immortals. Bob Zuppke, the painter-philosopher coach of Illinois, once described an All-America player as the result of a long run and an inspired sports writer. The young men who make sensational runs for touchdowns will always capture the heavy black type of the Sunday-morning newspapers. It is impossible to ignore the scoring plays.

This kind of publicity is inevitable. If in the end it results in the glorification of a mediocre player to a point where the oracles feel they cannot omit him from their honor roll, and still maintain their standing with a strange public which still insists on taking these things with a degree of seriousness . . . well that's just too bad. It certainly is for the more worthy player who probably made the sensational runs possible.

But this kind of publicity must be distinguished from the inspired ballyhoo, or high-pressure exploitation, that is designedly set in motion by the colleges with a view to centering national attention on one particular individual. This is known as the build-up, and while the practice isn't as nauseatingly common now as it was in the bigger-and-better stadium era, definite traces of it still exist.

The mechanics are much the same as those employed in the sordid business of prize fighting, which, unlike college football, wears its sins on its garish sleeves. Some big trampo who can't fight his way through a hair net is fed a succession of round heels, scores a series of devastating "knockouts," and is presently matched for the heavyweight championship. Naturally he is flattened, but the cash returns are eminently satisfactory all around.

Practically every college where football is a major sport has a press department which, in personnel, equipment, and efficiency, will match anything Mr. Mike Jacobs, the czar of the prize-fight industry, has to offer. Daily, the newspapers are machine-gunned with detailed press releases, much of it valuable to the sports writers and much of it just plain tripe carefully prepared to extoll the alleged greatness of Bill Spivins who is sure All-America at tackle, or Addison Sims, who can't miss at left half, unless Grant Rice has either gone blind or sold out to Spearfish Normal.

It's the college press agent's job to get as much publicity for his client as he can, and it stands to reason that if he has a potential All-America to weave tales around he is going to get more space than if he didn't, and as a general rule attendance falls and rises in proportion to the amount of space allotted to the games. Hence it is important to have a big "name" player. When none exists the press agent must try to build one up.

In recent years the college ballyhoo has undergone a certain measure of reform. The tactics involved are not so brazen. There was a time when the writers in the press box covering the game were deliberately misinformed by the announcer—always appointed by the home team.

Football is the most difficult of all games to cover, unless the writer is intimately familiar with the personnel of the squad. It is not an easy job to follow the chaotic, confused movements of twenty-two men at one time. So

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in every press box there is an announcer who calls off the plays and identifies the individuals for the men who are doing a play-by-play description.

This makes a perfect setup for the college ballyhoo man who has something to sell, and until the last several years when the boys decided, suddenly and inexplicably, to go straight, many fabulous frauds and deceits were put over on the trusting press. Or at least attempted.

Somewhat typical but not exactly to the point, because it concerned two really great players, was the battle between the rival press departments of Ohio State and Pittsburgh to place their star ends on the honor team in 1929. The Ohioans had put on a furious campaign in the interest of their Wes Fesler; the Pennsylvanians had been no less lyrical in telling the world about the singular accomplishments of their Joe Donchess.

Zero hour came when the two teams met at Pittsburgh. It was a vital game, and the press box was boiling over with big-shot writers representing wire services, syndicates, and New York newspapers, most of whom were peering intently at the two teams for the first time.

Fesler's cause was doomed before the opening kick-off. Pittsburgh had its own announcer at the microphone. Donchess made more tackles that afternoon than any three men could have made in any one game. Or so the Pittsburgh announcer claimed. And Fesler missed more tackles than he had missed during his whole career, dating back to his kidhood days. Or so the announcer claimed. P. S. Donchess got the job. And it may be that he deserved it on the square. He could do everything an end is supposed to do. But if the game had been played at Columbus you can bet all the gloves in Gloversville, Fesler would have been making all the tackles and Donchess would have been made to look pretty sad.

As I have said, this sort of thing doesn't occur very much any more. I don't know whether the press-box announcers have grown up or the visiting writers have become smartened up. Anyway, you usually get an accurate, impartial description. The answer may be that by now even the college ballyhoo men no longer take the All-America dodge seriously. Of course, the presence of radio barkers in the press box relaying the announcer's words to all points of the nation may have influenced the more faithful attitude.

On second thought, this can't be the answer. Ballyhoo men feed greedily at the trough of free publicity and as long as magazines, newspapers, and radio continue to feature the most inane myth in sports, no rational space-grabbing department is going to back away with horrified eyes.

Maybe the whole silly business is psychological, something that would offer a field day for the good Dr. Freud. Certainly it seems to be a fixation of some sort. Could you call it grooved reader interest? I have a friend who is reasonably normal and the first thing he turns to in his newspaper is the comic strip, "Orphan Annie." His explanation: "I began reading it when I was ten years old."

Asa S. Bushnell, former graduate manager of Princeton, is one of the best informed men in America on college sports, trends, and policies. At the moment he is the executive director of Eastern Intercollegiate Athletics. His sentiments regarding the All-America phenomenon indicate that the whole thing is a curious mental disease, that it is something which defies rationalization, at once something your intelligence tells you to scorn as being unworthy of a passing thought and yet something you can't afford to miss for reasons that are hard to explain with any degree of pure logic.

Says Mr. Bushnell: "I think the whole All-America business is so much tommyrot, and (*continued on page* 67)

COURTESY COLLIER'S

The 1937 team according to Grantland Rice and the widely distributed sports writers who form his Advisory Board

COURTESY THE SUN

The New York Sun's *mythical eleven for the same season. It excluded all but five of the players on Rice's team*

COURTESY CHRISTY WALSH

Christy Walsh's 1938 promotion sheet. Upper right: Walsh and four coaches on the "official" All-America Board

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LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

This month the photographic section is given over entirely to amateurs. From the thousands of entries in the fourth Newspaper National Snapshot Awards we have selected six outstanding pictures. Although we sought technical and artistic excellence in these photographs, they were chosen primarily because of the sharpness with which they reflect life in the United States. Our selections were made before the announcement of the contest awards.

WINDSWEPT, by Ralph A. Woolway

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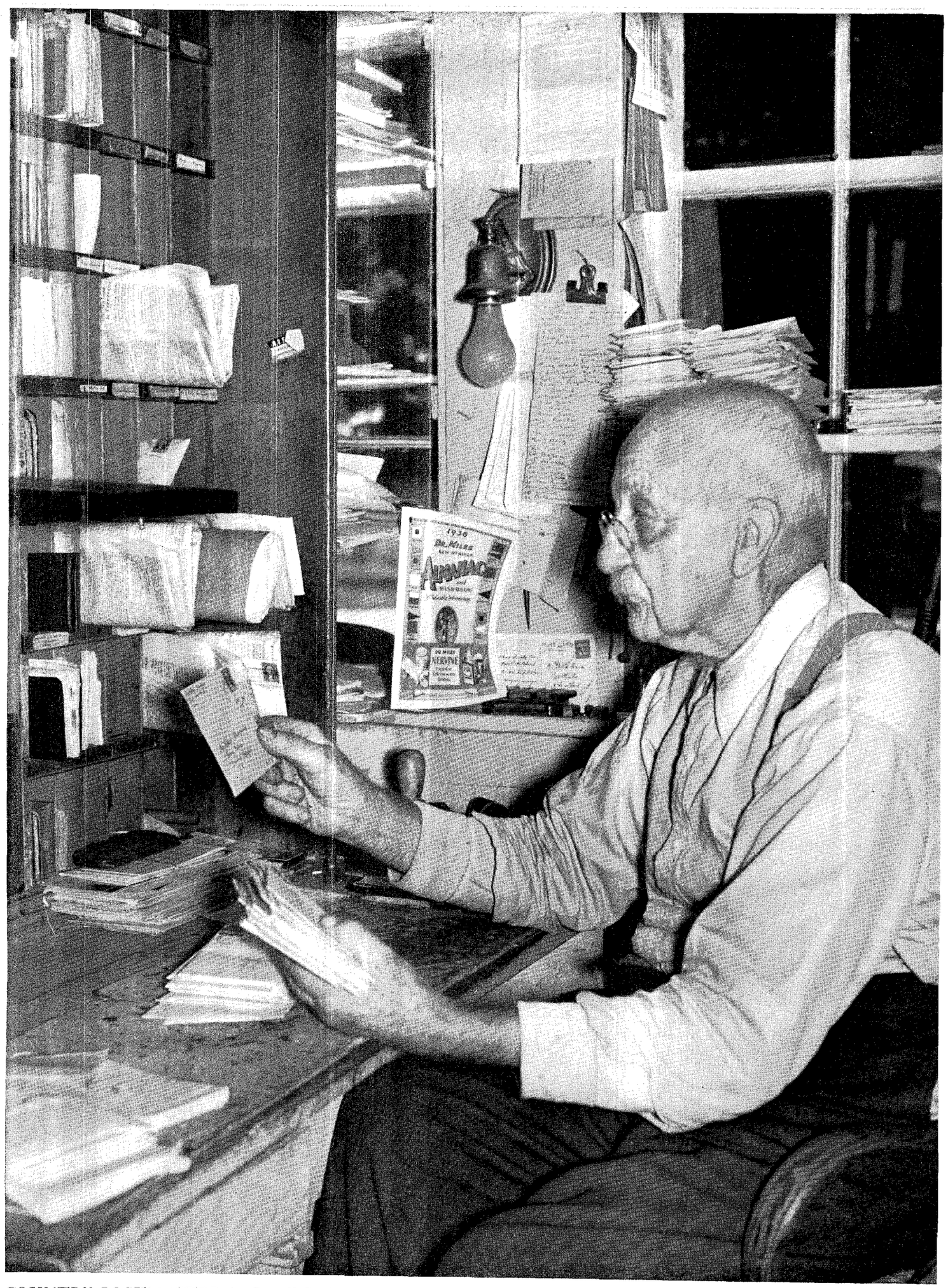

COUNTRY POSTMASTER, by Russell S. Anderson

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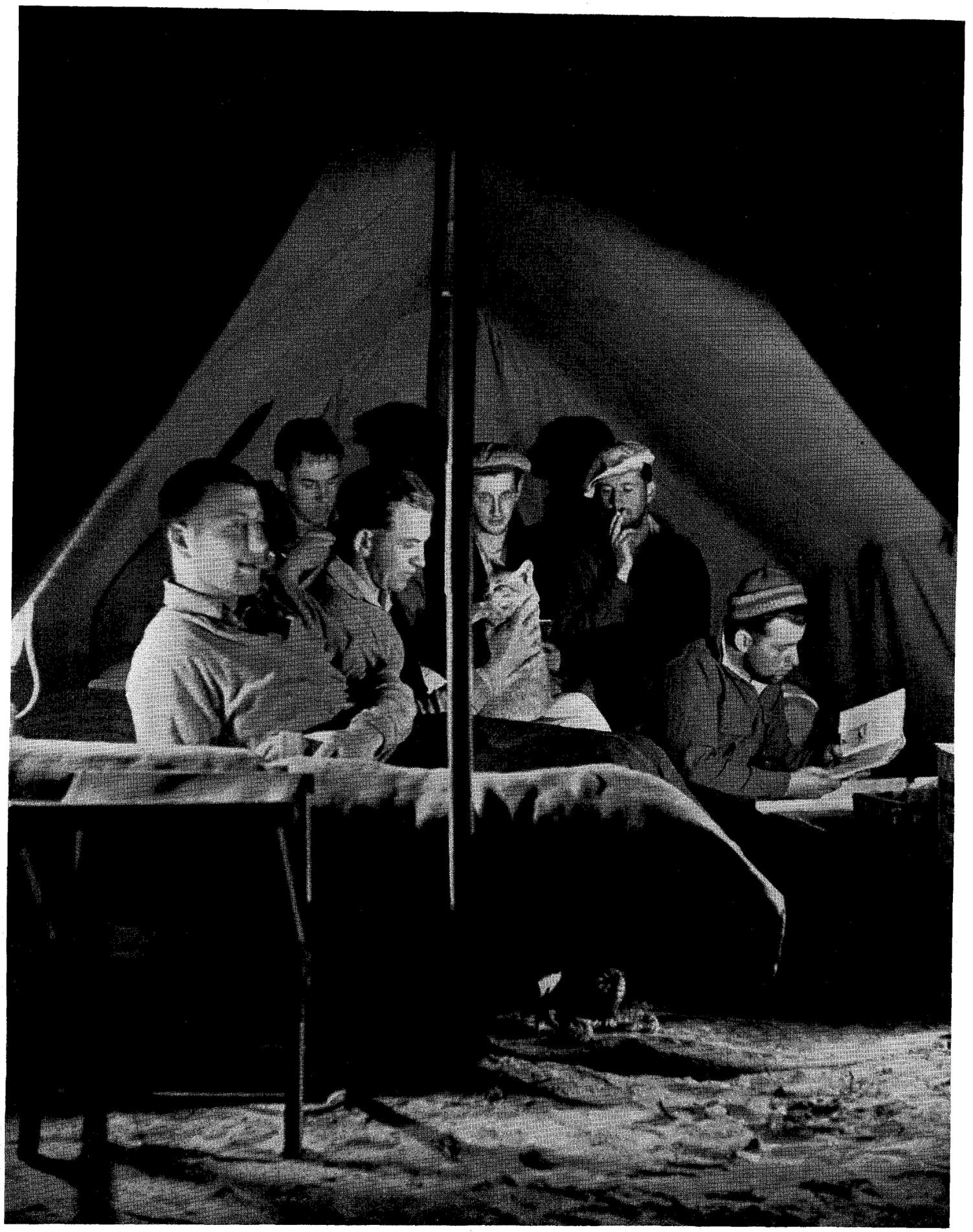

AT EASE, by Albert Goguen

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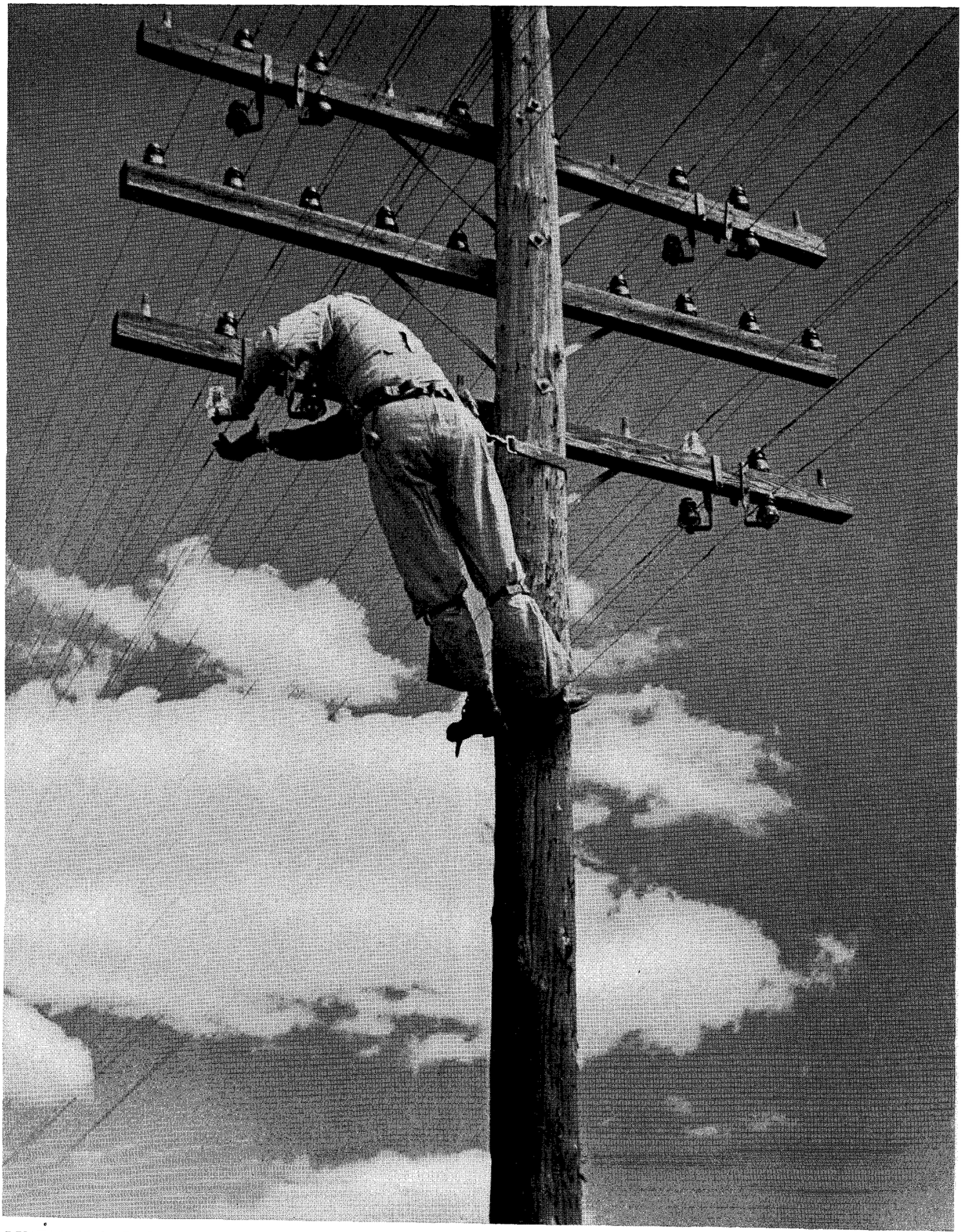

LINEMAN, by D. R. Olson

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ALLEY FIGHT, by Harold H. Morris

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STANDING ROOM ONLY, by Benjamin B. Doktor

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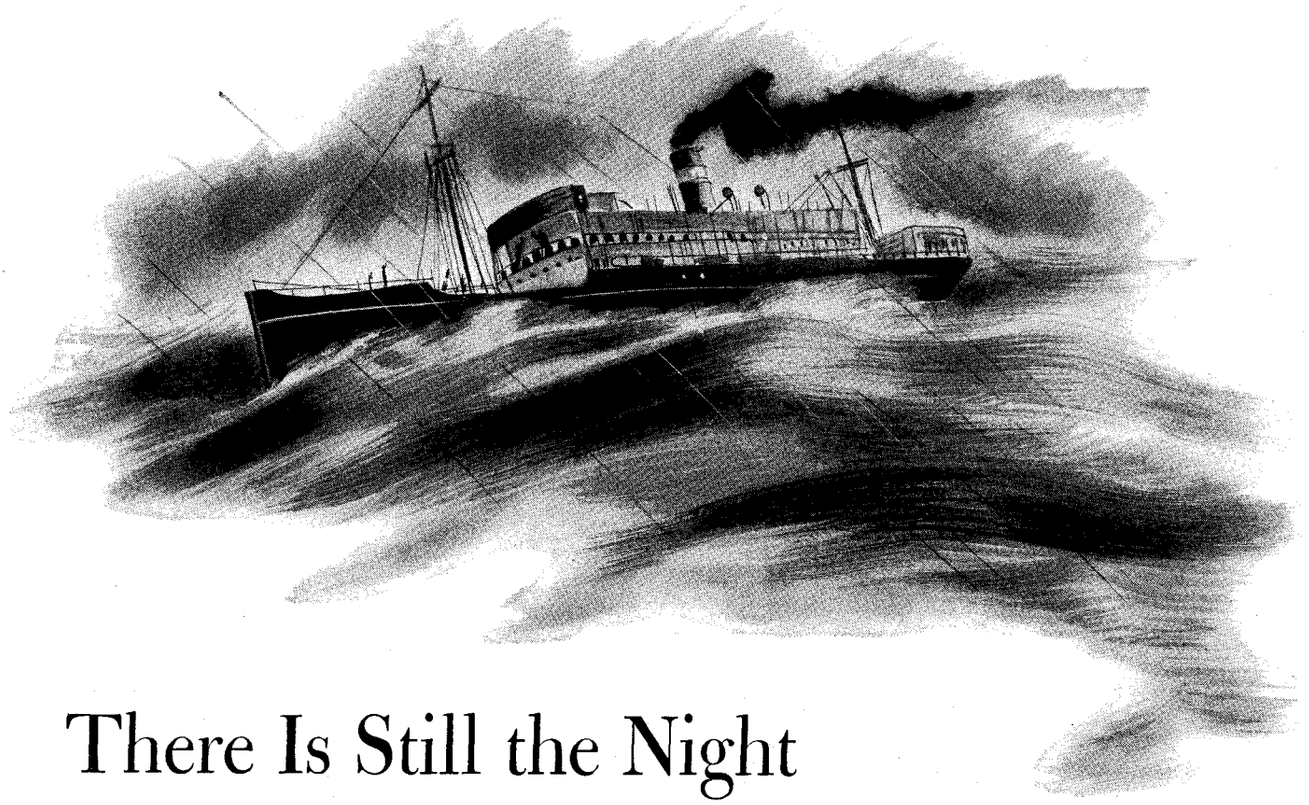

There Is Still the Night

BY ELICK MOLL

"Lieutenant Villalta," the orderly said. He was standing with his right arm held out stiffly from his chest, supported on one of those wooden contraptions I'd come to know so well in the past year. He turned around. "Steve!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Ramon," I said. He'd thrust his good arm out to me. I took his hand and saw the gladness fade swiftly from his face. "You too, *amigo,*" he said.

"Uh huh." I tried to smile. "A ticket home—from Franco. With love," I said. I could feel the smile, one-sided.

He hooked his arm around my shoulder and jostled me a little. "Steve," he said. We looked into each other's eyes. At least I looked into his and he looked into the one I had left. There was so much to say and so little desire or need to say it.

He motioned me to a chair. I lit a cigarette for him and handed it over.

"How did you know to find me here, *amigo?*" he asked, after a minute.

"Didn't. But I hadn't had any word of you since Teruel and I thought there might just be a chance . . . How about it?" I pointed to his arm. "The doc says you're stalling."

His face broke into that wonderful grin I remembered so well. It brought back so much, all at once. That at least hasn't changed, I thought with a curious twinge of gratitude, looking at him. That grin at least survived this past year. . . . Then I saw that I was wrong. It too had changed. It went so quickly, left no familiar echoes on his face. He'd grown thinner I saw, a little. I wondered if he knew what the doctor had really said. *"Too bad . . . those Italian bullets . . . so difficult to heal . . ."*

Yes. Too bad about Italian bullets, and German bombs, and a lot of other things.

I looked beyond him at the city lying hazy and peaceful for the moment under a late afternoon sun, and a sense of unreality descended on me. I couldn't believe in it for a minute—in this war, this patch over my eye, this tall somehow stern figure beside me, holding a festering lump of torn flesh out from his chest. Lieutenant Villalta. It seemed to me that if I blinked and looked again it would be again the boy I'd met a little over a year ago on board the *Atlantis;* he would be bowing that stagy little bow and saying, "It's really very good brandy, very old, more than a hundred years . . ." with that swell unspoiled kid's grin. We would be going down to his cabin in a moment, he and Kay and I, to sample his very old brandy. And then Kay and I would be standing at the rail, looking up at that huge orange moon hanging a stone's throw off the bow and Kay would be saying to me—with that little upward tilt of the chin—"You oughtn't do it, Steve. Not you. Going to shoot Fascists! It's like a little boy talking, Steve . . ."

II

I'd been in something of a stew about Spain ever since things started over there. Maybe the fact that I was just about washed up at RKO had something to do with it. I know the prospect of being "available" again—at fifteen hundred a week, and settle for half this time—didn't appeal to me very much.

So sometime in March of '37 I went down to Mexico City—on the advice of my friend Bob Miller who'd gone over a few months before to fly a plane for the Loyalists—and spent a lot of unnecessary time and verbiage interviewing several Spanish gentlemen who all spoke "the English" as if they were carving the sentences out of block marble to leave to posterity. But I got fixed up finally. They gave me some papers and rechristened me Juan Maria Castellan, which I imagine is the Spanish equivalent of John Smith—and I went back to Hollywood to wind up my affairs. They weren't very complicated. Winding them

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up involved merely paying a laundry bill and punching a certain supervisor named Grumbaugh in the nose. I paid the laundry bill and let it go at that. Must be age creeping up on me, I guess.

A few days later I was on a Lamson Line boat bound for New York by way of the Canal. It wasn't the fastest way, but I wanted a few weeks of sun and sea air and a wind that came a long way over clean empty space to blow about eighteen months of God's country out of my nooks and crannies. It wasn't that I was going to Spain with any Holy Grail ideas about democracy, especially. But I did feel that at least I owed it to those babies in Madrid to land on their shores without any five-and-ten Hollywood glamour left in my system.

The weather was lousy the first couple of days out—fog and rain and then a peculiar kind of wind they have down there in the Canal Zone. It's supposed to come from the coast of South America. It was very strange—like something out of Poe, or the *Ancient Mariner*. It didn't behave the way a wind should at all. There didn't seem to be any place you could get away from it; closed doors or portholes didn't make any difference. It followed you everywhere, warm and nagging, coming out of nowhere and leaning on you like an idiot with his tongue hanging out.

By early afternoon of the third day I was needing a drink badly and I went into the bar to get it. There was no one there but the bartender, an ageless little Scotchman named—as you would imagine an ageless little Scotchman to be named—Mac. I ordered a rum collins and tossed a conversational gambit across the bar at him. It landed with a light thud and just lay there. I looked at him and tried again. It was no use. Mac nailed down every one of my leads with a "yeah" or "sure is" or just plain "naw sor." You can't possibly make conversational bricks with that kind of straw.

I'd given up and was just sitting there, moping, when Kay walked in. Seems funny now to think that I didn't even know her name then. I was just conscious of someone coming in and taking a seat a couple down from mine at the bar. I heard her let out her breath and then say, "Old-fashioned I guess, Mac . . . Unless you can think of something else I ought to have."

I looked at her. Something about the way she was leaning over the bar, some tautness in her posture, made me know that that pawing wind had got to her too. She turned her head just then, our eyes met and for a minute I forgot all about the weather—I'm trying to think how I can describe her. Don't forget I'd just come from a place where beautiful women grow on trees—shoe trees and hat trees too if you don't watch out. Maybe she wasn't beautiful at all by those standards. She was tall, about five eight, I guess, and not skinny exactly but you could have put your thumb and middle finger around her ankle and have room to spare. Her hair was blonde —not golden; more on the tawny order —and she didn't seem to do anything special about combing it, just sort of pushed it back off her forehead, but it did something to her temples that—well, I'd rather not try to find a phrase for it. It'd probably just sound soupy. Her face was lean and sort of pale, with shadowed places in the cheeks—like Hepburn's; her eyes were no definite color, they seemed to change in different lights; green in the morning and smoky-blue at night, and after three drinks they were the color Wordsworth talks about, the kind that never was on land or sea.

I guess I must have stared. Her own eyes widened a little, as if she thought for a moment she might know me. I didn't give her a chance to change her mind. "Hello," I said.

"Hello." She'd decided she didn't know me after all, but her expression didn't change. I chalked one up for the amiable gods. I motioned with my head. "Having trouble with our idiot friend?"

She knew right away what I was talking about. "Mm," she said. "Charming little breeze, isn't it? Sort of an ambulating dementia praecox."

I laughed and she followed suit. It did something funny to the back of my neck. "If you don't mind my butting in," I said, "I don't think an old-fashioned 'll do very much for you. This needs radical treatment. Why don't you try something histrionic, like," I had a great inspiration, "like a blue blazer?"

"Blue blazer?" Her eyes held their smiling expression the way water holds sunlight—impersonal yet warm. "That's not really a drink, is it? Sounds more like something you light on the Fourth of July."

"Exactly. It's a sort of Second Hungarian Rhapsody among punches . . ." I couldn't take my eyes off hers. We sat there for a perceptible beat, looking at each other. Then I turned to Mac. "How about it, Mac?" I said. I felt strangely keyed up, all at once. "Think you can fix us a couple of blue blazers without burning yourself?" I put a proper note of doubt into the question. If that Scotchman's face had been capable of lighting up that's what it would have done. As it was he just gave me a look, as if to indicate that there was no end to the nuisance a bar fly like me could make of himself. "I'll need some hot water," he said curtly. I caught the laughing gleam in Kay's eyes. We both knew he wouldn't have sold this moment for five bucks.

Kay leaned over the bar, watching. "Don't tell me you're going to start throwing that around now," she said when Mac set fire to it.

"That's the idea, maum," he said. He took a stance and began tossing fiery parabolas from one hand to the other as if he'd been doing it five shows a day for the past twenty years. I'll bet it was fifteen at least since anyone had asked him to fix a blue blazer. But maybe it's like riding a bike; once you know how you never forget.

"Bravo," Kay exclaimed when he'd finished and set out drinks before us with a final flourish. She took a sip, said "mmmm," and paid him off with a grand smile. He tried hard not to look pleased, then gave it up. The whole thing had been too much for him; his face virtually collapsed in an answering smile that managed to look both pleased and grudging for a minute, then turned almost sheepish, as if he'd just been caught in the act, or something.

Kay looked at me; there were pieces of laughter still in her eyes.

"How's the dementia praecox?" I said.

"Gone." She moved her hands. "Completely. You know, I think you've got something there. . . ."

She put her arms down on the bar and hunched over them, looking at me sidewise. "I keep thinking I've met you somewhere," she said.

I shook my head. "I don't like to sound soupy, ma'am, but really if I'd met you anywhere within

Scribner's

SHORT NOVEL

Although Elick Moll has an enviable reputation as a short-story writer, "There Is Still the Night" is his first long fiction piece. Also it is the first Short Novel written especially for SCRIBNER'S*—the three preceding novels being adapted from their book-length versions. It is particularly fitting that our first original Short Novel should come from Mr. Moll, for the best of his short stories have appeared in* SCRIBNER'S.

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the last five hundred years you wouldn't have to remind me."

I saw a faint tinge of color come up in her cheeks. "Just the same I'd swear I've seen that sort of distant, amused look of yours somewhere."

"Is that what it is?" I said. "Distant and amused? Lord. I was afraid it was just hangdog. The name's Brandon, by the way. Steve Brandon."

She thought about it for a moment then shook her head. "Doesn't seem to register particularly."

"I was afraid not. But you tell me yours and we'll start making up for lost time."

She answered my grin with a smile. "Kay Denham," she said.

"Hello, Kay."

"Hello, Steve."

"There," I said. "You see. Almost as good as if we'd known each other always."

"Right. Move up, pal."

I moved up a seat and she moved down one. We kept grinning at each other for some reason. "All right," she said. "Now be helpful and tell me where I've seen you. I'm sure of it now. Trocadero?"

"Haven't been there in months. I was having my pants pressed."

"Oh come now. If I say Malibu you'll say no, because you freckle."

"That's right. How'd you know?"

"Please be helpful. It's going to keep me up all night."

"I know. Like a nagging piece of an old tune . . . Well, let's see. Where do you live? Maybe that'll start us off."

"New York."

"New York. That's fine. Fine," I said, warming to my work. "I'll make a note of it. Kay Denham. New York. That'll narrow the search down some—in case you forget to give me something more specific, like a street address and telephone number."

She gave me a certain kind of look from those strange green eyes. "I can help you narrow it down further than that," she said. "My husband's Brian Denham. The architect."

Maybe it sounds silly, but it gave me a little jolt. Like a door closing in my face. I tried to pass it off with the light airy touch. "What do you mean, *the* architect?"

"That's what I mean," she said. "*The* architect. There's another one in Chicago named Wright, and one in Germany—"

"And one in the Renaissance," I said. "Named Da Vinci . . . All right, all right. Don't get sore. *The* architect. It's no skin off my nose. I'm not in that business anyway. Where were we?"

"We were trying to find out what business you were in. Politely."

"Give it up," I said. "It's not that kind of business. Just ask."

"That sounds like pictures. Don't tell me that's where I've seen—"

"Lord no." I laughed. "I *write* for pictures. Wrote, I mean. I was with RKO."

She snapped her fingers. "That's it. I went through on a pass about a month ago and saw you on a set—"

"*Desert Holiday?*"

"Must have been. I don't remember the name. But it was some kind of for-

eign street scene with camels and burnooses and things."

"Was there a monsoon brewing?"

"I didn't notice. But you were talking to a man with large tinted glasses and a lot of hair combed sort of akimbo."

"Uh huh. That was the monsoon. And that's where you saw me looking distant and amused?"

"Mm hm."

I shook my head. "I've had a wasted life, lady. That was Jack Grumbaugh, the terror of Typewriter Row. And he was telling me off in four languages. If I was looking distant and amused at that moment, I should have been playing poker for a living all these years."

She laughed and again it prickled the hair on the back of my neck. Boy, what a sound that was. It was enough to make the wind go down, all by itself. By the time I left her I'd forgot there ever was a wind anyway.

III

I DRESSED for dinner and came down early, still kind of high, waiting for something to happen, without quite realizing what. She came in when I was about halfway through, wearing a fitted pale-blue gown that made her look very tall, with something filmy around her shoulders. She'd beaded her lashes and her eyes had turned that deep smoky-blue color. I took it easy, had two cups of coffee, smoked a couple of cigarettes, and realized that I was still waiting . . . I crumpled my napkin and stood up. Then I caught her smile and the movement of her hand and I knew what I'd been waiting for.

I walked over. There was a young chap sitting with her. She introduced us. Señor Ramon Villalta de Perea. It's funny how wrong I got him there at first. Maybe it was the way she unrolled his name. Like a cadenza. Or a bolt of Louis Quinze brocade. Or maybe it was his looks. I remember a phrase—Nevinson's I think—describing a first impression of Rupert Brooke. "Ludicrously beautiful." I guess it was something like that with him. Only it didn't make me feel at all like laughing. More like sneering. I suppose that comes under the heading of self-defense.

He was certainly a gorgeous-looking kid, any way you looked at him. He was tall and beautifully built—straight up and down, not with the triangular torso that well-built American boys have. Willowy, I guess would describe it. Nothing effeminate about it, though, don't get that idea. More like a blade, narrow and gleaming and intense, with something hard and pliant about him at the same time.

He jumped up and trumped my "hello" with a bow right out of Graustark and I said "uh huh" to myself and decided Master Ramon y Villalta y Etcetera was guilty until proved innocent. We booted the amenities around for a minute or so, then he turned to me and said would I join him and Mrs. Denham, they were going down to his cabin to have some brandy. "Very old brandy," he said. "I have been told it is from the cellars of the Emperor Maximilian."

I turned a fishy stare on him. I knew he must want me along something like a headache and I've never fallen for this *noblesse oblige* stuff. "I've been told the Emperor Maximilian didn't last long enough in Mexico to build himself a cellar," I said. It was kind of below the belt, I guess. I was all set, you see, to give him the benefit of every doubt I could think of. But he just grinned at me.

"Perhaps he found the cellar already there," he said. "In any case the brandy is very old—more than a hundred years. It deserves a distinguished company. Won't you join us?" He kept looking straight at me, with that engaging grin. It had an overtone of shyness, the way all nice kids' grins have. It was pretty hard to resist.

"Okay," I said. "But what are we going to celebrate? You can't just drink hundred-year-old brandy like this."

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"Oh, we have an occasion," he said. "We are going to drink to Mrs. Denham's birthday."

I turned to Kay with a stabbed look. "You didn't tell me . . ." But I saw that she was smiling, the way you do at a child who's being very cute. "What is it," I said, "a gag?"

She lifted her shoulders. "I'm sure I don't know. We were talking about the zodiac signs just now and I happened to mention that my birthday came in October . . ."

This was April. "I see," I said. "And that's the occasion." I turned to Ramon. He nodded, and I saw the color go up in his cheeks like a dull porcelain glaze. I looked at Kay and we both laughed. I saw it was no use. I was going to have to like this kid, looks, lashes, stagy manners and all.

"Okay, Ramon," I said. I took hold of his arm. "We'll go drink to Mrs. Denham's birthday. How much of the stuff have you got? Maybe we can make it last until October."

So we went down to his cabin and drank his very old brandy from the cellars of the Emperor Maximilian—and very swell stuff it was too, dissolving on the tongue like mist, with a wonderful heady perfume. I sat around watching the young Señor act charming to Kay. You know the kind of technique these Latins get themselves when they're a little older—ardent stares and lay-me-down-and-die looks and all the rest of that lousy mixture of prurience and gallantry. Well this wasn't any part of that ashgash. This was a kid, maybe nineteen, and Latin or not, he was looking at a goddess who'd walked right out of his dreams or I've never been nineteen myself. You could tell from the way he handed her her glass—like a burnt offering.

We went up to the salon after a while to dance. I watched them together on the floor. It was a picture I'm telling you—that slick blue-black head against Kay's tawny one. Every eye in the place was on them. Once as he was pulling her back into one of those deep tango dips, I saw him touch his lips to her hair. She looked up at him quickly and I crossed my fingers, half-expecting to see him down on his knees, babbling, in another minute. But he only smiled down at her in a pale kind of way, finished the dance standing six inches away from her and didn't even get morose or hope-to-die about it afterward. He was a great kid. No doubt about it. No doubt at all.

"How does it feel to be a divinity?" I said to Kay when we were dancing. She put her head back and gave me a wide stare.

"Quit kidding," I said. "You know very well what I'm talking about. He's over there right now whittling you a shrine. Take a look."

She did, over my shoulder, and I could tell that she'd caught his eyes right away. I knew he was watching us; he hadn't taken his eyes off us from the moment we started. I'd met his gaze several times when I'd looked over in his direction—friendly enough, and lit with that quick, shy smile, but I'd got a queer remembrance all the same of Moslems standing back in shadowed archways watching me and a group of fellow tourists entering a mosque. . . .

"Don't be silly, Steve," Kay said. "Ramon's just a child."

"All right," I said. "Maybe it's just some special kind of marbles you represent to him."

I thought about it when I turned her over to the boy again for the next dance and went out on deck. You know what a temptation it is for a woman to take that kind of adoration from a kid and keep fluffing it up around her like a scarf to prink with. It didn't seem to me that Kay was that kind. Still you can't tell about women.

I thought of how it must be for that kid in there, floating around with his head in the clouds and an armful of dream. And I thought about the little ivory Madonna I'd noticed on his dresser when we were down in his cabin. She was a pretty little thing, about ten inches high, mounted on some kind of black slippery wood like teak, and probably priceless; the ivory had almost a russet gleam to it. Something about the little figure had kept nudging my recollection all the time I was down there. It came to me now. Anthony Adverse had carried around a little Madonna, you remember, that had belonged to his mother. . . . It seemed to fit somehow. I thought of Faith Paleologus. And Angela. I looked over the rail into the blue-columned vastness and tried to remember how it is when you're nineteen—about God, and a woman, and being alive on a night when the stars are out like a tree blossoming strangely with crystal and the moon is on the water like a million lazy silvery moths and your own heart seems to be straining out to you from somewhere in that deep shimmering silence. . . .

And I wondered how it was going to be for this youngster with the lady whose husband was The Architect. Not An. The. Like *The* Square on the Hypotenuse. I hoped she'd be all right for the boy. I hated to think of someone taking that first big crush and turning it into wormwood for him, something to make his toes curl the rest of his life, every time he thought of it.

IV

We got on rather famously for a while, the three of us: with Ramon being very charming and eager and adoring in his shy, youthful way; me being well, whatever I am, your guess is as good as mine; and Kay being what every woman would like to be, I suppose, if she could—something infinitely more to both of us than the sum of her tangible qualities, and yet precious enough certainly in those too—in the movements of her hands, that little tilt of the chin when she was being serious, her wonderful laugh with the little postscript on the end of it . . . All of her tangible, there before your eyes and yet something out of time too, like an old dream in your heart, of Woman.

Somewhere this side of Acapulco we floated into a spell of weather like you read about in novels of honeymoons on the Riviera. Days all blue and gold and shimmery, one after another, as if they were being pulled off an endless skein. Nights with a huge yellow moon that seemed to stay at full, miraculously, for a week or more, a sky laden with stars, big and ripe and heavy with their own brilliance, looking as if they'd fall right into your hand if you gave something a hard shake. It was weather that was asking for things to happen. They started happening soon enough.

At Acapulco, Kay and I got separated from the gang we'd gone ashore with and by a combination of circumstances—none of them inevitable—we just made it back to the tender as it was pulling out for the ship. There was a lot of excitement about it. You know the kind—disapproving excitement. Everybody was very much concerned over the possibility of our having been left behind. But rather more concerned, I couldn't help thinking, about the fact that Kay and I had gone off by ourselves so brazenly. Even Ramon was infected. It seemed to me that he was being rather pointedly formal with me that evening. My first reaction was one of annoyance. But then I realized that I was being no more objective about the thing than he was. Besides, he was hardly in a frame of mind to view anything in which Kay was concerned in its correct proportions. So I resolved to be careful to include him next time we went ashore. We'd been having such a swell time together, the three of us. I hated to spoil it.

But as luck would have it, the very next time we docked Kay and I got lost again. She had an insatiable passion for native bric-a-brac and was always wan-

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dering off into side streets and—well, what's the use of kidding? I don't have to tell you that I'd rather have spent five minutes along with her than a year at the court of Valois. So we just made it back to the ship again by the skin of our teeth. And again I saw that strained little smile on Ramon's face that evening in the salon and I found myself getting involved, in the most idiotic and unnecessary fashion, in a lying explanation about where we'd been and how it had all happened. I caught Kay's eyes on me finally and realized what I was doing and got very annoyed with myself. Then I changed my mind and got annoyed with Ramon instead. After all, I told myself, there was no reason for *me* to feel apologetic about this. If Kay had wanted him along she'd have asked him. There was no damn reason for him to be going around with that tense little smile on his puss as if he'd caught me in a conspiracy to defraud him of Kay's time.

Well, you can see how things were going. It wasn't long before Ramon was drinking too much. He'd go into deep silences and sit around looking at Kay and me, just looking, with those cold-fire eyes of his. It was very embarrassing. Or else he'd get hectic and very gay and go around inciting everybody to eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die. It was all pretty painful to watch, especially if you liked the kid.

Kay was swell about it. She tried to act as if nothing at all was happening. "He's just a child," she kept saying, as if she was afraid I might be judging him too harshly. But she didn't make the mistake of getting maternal or indulgent with him.

To help matters along, we ran into some international complications, too, right about then. Several tables away from ours in the dining room there was a party of four—two couples, who looked as if they'd come out of a package marked "Germantown, U. S. A." I'd noticed them around, casually—blond chunky folks, all four, the women too, with big faces and a heavy inarticulateness of manner that weighted the atmosphere around them. I'd put them down for a pork-packing family from Des Moines, say, or maybe brewers from St. Louis, or partners in a Yorkville beer garden, taking their first big *trip* together. They seemed to divide their time between figuring out what to eat in the dining room and whether to play pinochle or bridge in the lounge. But they certainly seemed inoffensive enough and they were minding their own business with a vengeance.

Well, I began to notice a certain expression that would come over Ramon's face every time his eye happened to light on their table. It's hard to describe because it was almost no expression at all. You know, the kind of stare that looks right at you and sees nothing at all, as if denying your existence completely. It's probably the most insulting look in the world if you understand it. That's what the Germans were beginning to suspect too, and they were doing their best to figure it out.

Pretty soon I began to be aware that they had their eyes on our table a good part of the time. One of them—the heavier-set one of the two men, who sat facing us—kept looking over at us, with a kind of heavy watchful dignity, and every time he'd catch Ramon's eye he'd bridle a little and stare back intently as if to say, "Take care, young man. We don't know just what you intend by your expression but if it is something insulting you had better watch out, we can deal with your kind, never fear . . ."

Well, it was one of those silly businesses that people seem to have such an unhappy talent for cooking up, and I was being amused and annoyed in about equal parts, watching it grow. Then one night—it was just about before we reached Balboa—it ripened suddenly and burst right in my lap and that wasn't amusing at all. . . .

Kay had gone down to her stateroom after dinner to finish some letters she wanted to post next morning in Balboa. I went up on deck to look for Ramon and found him mooning around the swimming pool. He was being rather stiff with me these days, but I finally kidded him into coming down to the lounge with me and playing some rummy. I'd just finished dealing out a hand when from somewhere across the room there came a sudden rasping bleat like a foghorn in jeopardy. We both jerked our heads around. The lounge was pretty well filled with the usual foursomes who seemed to regard this three-week trip as one blessed expanse of bridge. For a second I couldn't figure out what might have got loose in there, then I saw our heavy-set German friend over in a corner fiddling with a radio I hadn't noticed was there before. I caught the look Ramon directed at him and got a little impatient with the kid.

"Come on, play cards," I said. "These dirty looks at fifty paces aren't getting you anywhere."

He gave *me* a look then but I ignored it and picked up a card. Across the room the radio sawed and whined; there was a strain of music that sounded like a much scratched phonograph record. Then abruptly there was a loud voice.

". . . *squadron of bombers,*" it roared hoarsely in English, then tapered off sharply as the beefy German grabbed for the volume control. He was getting a couple of dirty looks from other parts of the room now, but he was oblivious of them, still hunched over the machine, fiddling with the dials. The voice blurred, sharpened again. ". . . *into the heart of Barcelona,*" it said with sudden clarity and closeness, "*death rained from the skies in five-hundred-pound charges. . . .*"

I flashed a glance at Ramon. He'd stiffened and was sitting back, listening, with a tense whitish look spreading over the lower half of his face. I felt pretty much ashamed of myself just then. I'd been going on the easy assumption that the whole business with the Germans was just a transference of something the kid was feeling about me. I'd got him all wrong again apparently—just as I had that first time I'd met him. I seemed in a fair way to establish a record of wrong guesses with that kid.

"*The huge Junkers planes roared over the city again and again,*" the disembodied voice went on, as if taking shape right in that room, "*dropping their loads of screaming destruction. The death toll mounted into hundreds. One bus crowded with school children was blown to bits . . .*"

"*Cabrones,*" I heard Ramon mutter suddenly. He jumped up swiftly, softly, like a cat. I jumped too and headed him off. "Take it easy," I said. I looked across the room. The German had just turned around and was saying something to his companions who were sitting at a table nearby, evidently finishing out a hand of bridge in which the big guy had been dummy. Some comment was exchanged, then he turned back toward the radio again, bending over it a little, listening with no particular expression on his face.

"Take it easy, kid," I said again. "There's nothing you can do here that's going to fix that . . ." I motioned vaguely toward the radio. "Come on. Let's get out of here."

But he stood there in front of me, unmoving, his eyes like soft, dark flames in his face. "Please get out of my way, Steve," he said.

"Look," I said. "Don't start anything here, will you? It'll just be a lot of noise and stuff, and then where'll you be?" My voice was almost pleading. "Besides, they're just listening. That's no sign they're liking it—"

"They like it," he said, through his teeth. "If the Germans did not like it they would not keep sending more planes and soldiers to butcher my people."

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You can imagine that I was feeling pretty tense just then, wondering what the fool kid might do to blow the lid off. I could feel eyes on us from every part of the room and the back of my neck was beginning to feel a little taut. But I couldn't help being pretty proud of him at the same time. I mean, it's one thing for a guy like me to support Loyalist Spain, to think that there's something at stake there for liberty, for the world . . . But it was quite another for young Señor Ramon y Villalta de Perea, brought up to believe in freedom of choice for the masses the way our Southern gentry, a hundred years ago, were brought up to believe in the franchise for their slaves. It was something for a nineteen-year-old boy to step out of his class that way and say "my people"—about a bunch of peasants, miners, laborers, fighting against a thousand years of what he himself stood for. It took a certain kind of heart and brains—the kind that makes you feel the word *human* can stand for something fine and swell too, not just hatred and treachery and explosive bullets to tear holes in you the size of a saucer.

"Okay," I said. "But there's no point making a scene about it. Come on. Let's take a turn on deck and cool off. I'll buy you a drink." I put my hand on his arm.

He pulled away from me. It's impossible to describe wherein the ferocity of that gesture lay; it was so contained, so swift. . . .

"Look, kid," I said, feeling a little desperate. "You'll only make a spectacle of yourself." I got an inspiration. "Kay'll be coming up any minute. She's liable to walk into the middle of it."

That got him. He let me lead him toward the door. I caught a glimpse there of the two German men; they were both standing at the radio now, like a couple of bulldogs, staring after us with watchful hostility.

V

I WALKED Ramon around deck once, not saying anything. Then we went into the bar. I bought him a drink and he drank it, still without talking. Then he bought me one. I raised my glass. "To the day," I said. I held his gaze until his face broke into a reluctant smile. He lifted his glass.

"To Franco," he said. "And his masters—a deep grave, and a tight one."

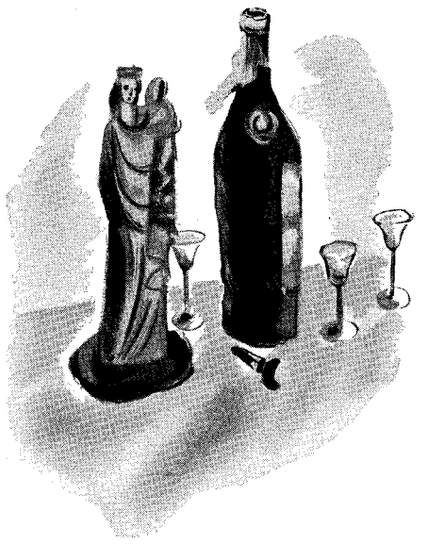
"Right," I said. I was beginning to relax a little. Then I saw something that made me gulp the rest of my drink. I turned to the bar. "Right," I said again, and put my arm around his shoulder. "How about anoth—" But he turned his head just then and I felt his shoulder blades go back. Four hundred pounds of Teutonic dignity more or less had just come in and were standing up the bar a piece, watching us. I couldn't tell whether they'd deliberately followed us or not. Either way I wasn't happy to see them.

"Take it easy, kid," I said. I was beginning to feel like a phonograph.

He turned to me and smiled. "Good old Grandmother Steve," he said. He lifted his glass. "To you, *amigo*. And to all men of good will." He lifted his glass. We drank, and I watched him anxiously, wondering if he was going to behave. He set his glass down on the bar with a little bang. "There is one thing we must not do," he said, as if he'd forgotten all about those who'd just walked in. "We must not delude ourselves with false optimisms. We must reckon with facts. No?"

"Yes," I said. I breathed a little easier. I could see the two Germans out of the corner of my eye, standing there, watching us over their beers, listening. "How about reckoning with them outside?"

He paid no attention. "To be too optimistic would be merely stupid," he said. "The Italians are rotten soldiers, as we saw at Guadalajara. But there are many of them. And the Germans are efficient. Not only in mechanics. There are no more efficient butchers in the world today than the Germans."



I could have socked him. I'd heard his voice go up sharply on that last sentence so they'd be sure to hear.

"You vindictive little—" I began. But it was too late. The heavier-set guy had said something to his companion; he got off his stool now, and was coming toward us. I turned to the bar, seething. In a moment I heard a throaty, rather pompous voice saying behind us, "I wish to know, young man, if you intended that I should hear your last remark." Ramon didn't turn, just gave the German a sidewise glance, as if he were a porter with a telegram or something.

"My remark was intended for anyone who thinks he may have a concern in it," he said.

The thing was infuriatingly silly, I felt like thrashing the kid myself, but I saw that I'd have to do something about it, whether I liked it or not. I turned around and gave the guy what I could manage of a placating smile. "My friend was addressing his remarks to me," I said. "No offense intended, I assure you."

He hunched his coat up around his beefy shoulders and blew out his cheeks. "I would like to hear the young man answer for himself."

"Look," I said to him. "Why don't you take my word for it? It'll save a lot of time. I told you there was no offense intended."

He turned that soused-hen stare on me now. "The young man has made an insulting remark," he persisted with stubborn pomposity. "I demand to know what he means by it."

I was aware now of the silence that had spread out around us and again I felt the back of my neck growing taut. Every eye in the place was on us. I leaned over and said to Ramon, "Look, kid, let's not prolong this ashgash any longer. Not now. Kay'll be up in a minute . . . " I'd cried wolf with that once before and I didn't know if it'd work again. He looked at me for a moment with his nostrils flaring, then pulled himself together and said in a strained voice, "Of course, Steve. I am sorry." He turned to the German. "I regret if my remark offended you," he said coldly. "I withdraw it for the . . . the sake of the amenities." He flashed me a glance. It was all so damn silly, but there was something irresistibly endearing about the kid at the same time. Not like this German oaf. I should have been sore at Ramon but it was the other guy who was giving me a pain now. He stood there like a bulldog, glowering. "I would advise you to withdraw the remark for your own sake, young man," he said, blowing himself up like a frog.

"Very well," I heard Ramon say. He'd got up and was showing his teeth in a smile. It was about as friendly as the kind Medusa used to sell. "As you say. For my own sake then." I put my hand on his arm. He looked down as if a fly had just lit there, then shook it off. "And for your sake," he said, looking up again at the German with a little bow, "may I say that the Germans eat too much pork and look too much like *pigs*." He spat the word (*continued on page* 54)

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

DRAWINGS BY DIMON

LAST month's Quiz confirmed our belief that most Americans fancy themselves authorities on the subject of autos. A flood of mail showed scores and interest running high. This month Mr. Tressler reverts to assorted queries designed for the well-rounded man.

For new readers, we add these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. Subtract the total from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page* 73)

1. "My boy!" sobbed the father, "remember that the first ten amendments to the U. S. Constitution are also known as":
(1) the Civil Liberties Laws
(2) the Citizens Rights Acts
(3) the Substitution Laws
(4) the Bill of Rights

2. If Maine extends the farthest east, then which one of these states extends the farthest west?
(1) California (2) Oregon (3) Washington

3. Yes, Chinese fishermen still train..... to dive down and catch fish for them:
(1) beavers (2) small boys (3) sea gulls
(4) cormorants (5) ducks (6) dogs

4. If you were kidnaped, blindfolded, carried to a strange place, and heard the cry, "Flat Foot Floogie with the Floy Floy!" you would probably be in:
(1) an international esperanto convention
(2) an American dance hall
(3) an insane asylum (4) a tobacco auction

5. By this time next year most of us will be accustomed to the new nickel, which has on it the head of:
(1) an eagle (2) Andrew Carnegie
(3) Daniel Boone (4) Thomas Jefferson
(5) Alexander Graham Bell (6) Henry Clay

6. Next time you're in Washington, D. C., look up Jesse Jones. He's with the:
(1) FCC (2) HOLC (3) RFC
(4) FRB (5) FDIC (6) FSC

7. Not long ago the Queen of England christened the ship *Queen Elizabeth*, which when commissioned will be:
(1) the sister ship of the Queen Mary
(2) England's biggest aircraft carrier
(3) the new British royal yacht
(4) the world's largest cattle boat

8. A recent ad in a national periodical claimed that Arthur Murray has taught 700,000 people how to:
(1) speak correct English (2) win friends
(3) dance (4) make love (5) draw

9. Those small boards, with the handle underneath, on which a plasterer holds his mortar are called:
(1) trowels (2) bevels (3) hawks
(4) pestles (5) rooks (6) scimitars

10. The cartoon strip that made Bud Fisher most famous was called:
(1) Bringing Up Father (2) Krazy Kat
(3) Orphan Annie (4) Joe Palooka
(5) The Gumps (6) Mutt and Jeff

11. All right now, my hearties, what's the next line after Scott's "Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west"?
(1) "Clad only in necktie, collar and vest"
(2) "His sword at side, his soul at rest"
(3) "Seeking his love in the age-old quest"
(4) "Through all the wide border his steed was the best"

12. James Roosevelt was rather wrought up about that *Saturday Evening Post* article concerning him, so he replied in:
(1) True Confessions (2) Atlantic Monthly
(3) Collier's (4) Saturday Evening Post
(5) American Magazine (6) Esquire

13. Two tennis rackets engaged in an argument concerning from which country the U. S. won back the Davis Cup in 1937:
(1) France (2) Japan (3) Great Britain
(4) Australia (5) Sweden (6) Germany

14. May we be so bold as to ask just how long custom considers a wife to be a bride following her marriage?
(1) for approximately six hours
(2) until evening of the next day
(3) for the first year
(4) until she is with child

15. Virginia has produced the greatest number of Presidents, but ..... ranks first in the number of colleges:
(1) Ohio (2) Virginia (3) Texas
(4) New York (5) Pennsylvania (6) Illinois

16. Until its dismemberment, Czechoslovakia had an area of 54,250 sq. mi., making it approximately the size of:
(1) Maine (2) Rhode Island
(3) Arkansas (4) Massachusetts
(5) Ohio (6) Minnesota

17. The name Potter Palmer is usually associated by Americans with:
(1) Philadelphia (2) Chicago (3) Boston
(4) San Francisco (5) Baltimore

18. There was a note of weariness in the teacher's voice as she patiently explained that a tonsure was:
(1) an operation on the larynx
(2) the shaven part of a monk's head
(3) a professional scalp treatment
(4) another name for a set of false teeth

19. Most every successful U. S. businessman has an amanuensis, which is:
(1) a mistress (2) a very large stomach
(3) a hobby (4) a chauffeur
(5) a secretary (6) a political "pull"

20. "Tom!" shouted the exasperated mother, "you're always putting things off till tomorrow! You're just a plain ....":
(1) prevaricator (2) procrastinator
(3) prognosticator (4) postulator

21. Rare is the person who hasn't seen the familiar Cream of Wheat package at

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some time during his life and who doesn't know that it bears a picture of:

(1) a Negro chef (2) a field of wheat (3) a baby (4) a puppy (5) a doctor

22. Most children in the fourth grade have learned that the last state to join the Union was:

(1) New Mexico (2) Nevada (3) Idaho (4) Arizona (5) Wyoming (6) Oklahoma

23. A contemporary movie titled *Alexander's Ragtime Band* features the life of:

(1) George Gershwin (2) Irving Berlin (3) Johann Bach (4) Ben Bernie (5) Paul Whiteman (6) Joseph Haydn

24. If you take a Pan-American Airways plane from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska, it will probably be a land plane because:

(1) you are over land all the way
(2) the Juneau harbor has ice at times
(3) Alaska has landing fields, no harbors
(4) P. A. is abandoning its flying boats

25. Of the words *maggot, patio, firth,* and *deciduous* only one has been used correctly in these sentences:

(1) She served a maggot pie for lunch
(2) She wore a high-waisted patio
(3) "You are my firth wife!" he snarled
(4) They planted deciduous trees only

26. If you sat next to Frank E. Gannett at a banquet, you might ask him:

(1) "How are your 19 newspapers going?"
(2) "Still making money in frozen foods?"
(3) "Any new theaters in your chain?"
(4) "How many shoes do you make a year?"

27. Sydney Wooderson of England is famous as holder of the world's record in:

(1) the measured mile for automobiles
(2) pole vaulting (3) 220-yard hurdles
(4) the 1-mile and ½-mile run
(5) beer drinking (6) pitching horseshoes

28. It was news to us that ..... isn't one of the seven deadly sins:

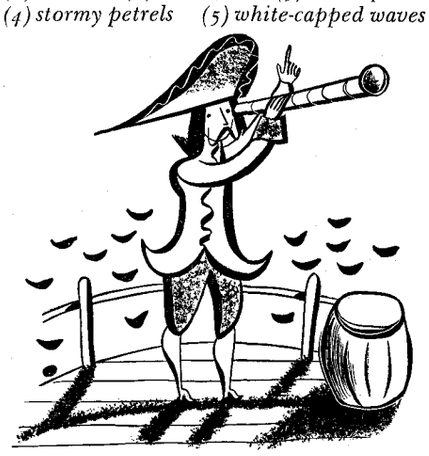
(1) anger (2) lust (3) gluttony (4) murder (5) covetousness (6) pride (7) envy (8) sloth

29. Do you know which one of these is not a trade-marked product?

(1) Celluloid (2) Kodak (3) Thermos bottle (4) Linotype (5) Cellophane (6) Ukulele

30. "Some Mother Carey's chickens off the port bow, sir!" said the first mate, so the captain yawned and looked at the:

(1) sharks (2) swordfish (3) waterspouts (4) stormy petrels (5) white-capped waves



31. Attention, men! Which of these ways of doing hair has recently upset women's fashions and appearance?

(1) combed over the top to the other side
(2) long pigtails with ribbons on ends
(3) with pug in back like a washwoman's
(4) brushed up to curls on top of head

32. As President of this nation you would be allowed ..... yearly by the Government for travel and entertainment:

(1) $100,000 (2) $25,000 (3) $5,000 (4) $50,000 (5) $75,000 (6) $10,000

33. Children should not read this question simply because all but one of its statements are false:

(1) The U. S. allows no female mail carriers
(2) A bishop's mitre is a headdress
(3) France lost Canada in the 19th century
(4) The top stripe of the U. S. flag is red and the bottom stripe is white

34. The name Maytag is connected in many American minds today with labor trouble, but it should also be associated with the manufacture of:

(1) silk stockings (2) auto batteries (3) washing machines (4) candy bars (5) dog food (6) railway locomotives

35. Novelist Harold Bell Wright first shook hands with wealth after he had written *That Printer of Udell's* and:

(1) The Harvester (2) The Clansman (3) The Bishop's Wife (4) The Desert (5) The Shepherd of the Hills

36. The board appointed a quondam professor president of the college, meaning that they appointed:

(1) a former professor (2) a full professor (3) an assistant professor (4) an honorary professor

37. The well-known speed flier, Frank Hawks, was killed when his plane:

(1) hit a power line on the take-off
(2) was struck by a lightning bolt
(3) turned over when making a landing
(4) fell into Lake Erie during a storm

38. Hollywood has a quick turnover, but only one of these men is not currently a big producer in the movie industry:

(1) Harry Warner (2) David O. Selznick (3) Louis B. Mayer (4) Will Hays (5) Darryl Zanuck (6) Walter Wanger

39. If you were given an object called a howitzer, you could best use it by:

(1) wearing it (2) riding in it (3) firing it (4) flying it (5) smoking it (6) playing it

40. This isn't meant as propaganda, but did you know that the U. S. hasn't commissioned a big battleship since:

(1) 1918 (2) 1923 (3) 1926 (4) 1930 (5) 1935 (6) 1915

41. Northern U. S. manufacturers contemplating a move know that the South offers all but one of these as an attraction:

(1) cotton (2) coal (3) cheap labor (4) iron (5) forests (6) low freight rates

42. In England when someone refers to a person as being from "down under" they usually mean he is from:

(1) the slum districts of London
(2) the cockney regions of England
(3) a family that is in "trade"
(4) Australia, Tasmania, or New Zealand

43. She's in the news daily, so you should know that the population of Japan proper, not including outlying territories, is about:

(1) 20,000,000 (2) 40,000,000 (3) 55,000,000 (4) 70,000,000 (5) 100,000,000 (6) 150,000,000

44. A girl with a new formal dress might have it decorated with one of these:

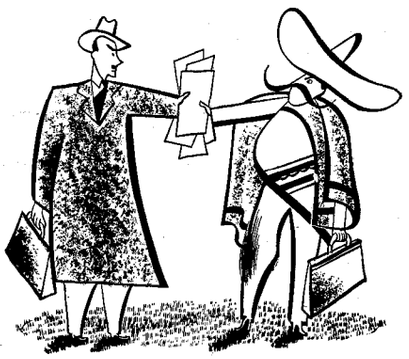
(1) koalas (2) nougats (3) sequins (4) dragoons (5) cymbals (6) iguanas

45. The Count of Covadonga, former Hapsburg prince, died of a curious disease known as "haemophilia," which is:

(1) rupture of blood vessels in the brain
(2) failure of blood to coagulate
(3) paralysis of the respiratory system.

46. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones!" shouted the orator, quoting:

(1) Shakespeare (2) Browning (3) Swift (4) Napoleon (5) Franklin (6) Chaucer



47. Stiff notes have been handed back and forth between the U. S. and Mexican Governments lately because of:

(1) Mexico's statement that she was d—n sick of staging fiestas for tourists
(2) guerrilla warfare on the border
(3) seizure of U. S. private properties
(4) the newly invoked U. S. tariff law

48. Many steamships have the upper halves of their rear masts painted black because of:

(1) sea birds which perch on masts
(2) smoke from the ship's funnels
(3) favorable effect upon radio reception
(4) reflection on helmsman's eyes

49. Unless there has been a recent change, all but one of these government figures have been linked with the correct country:

(1) Halifax (England) (2) Lebrun (France) (3) Hodza (Czechoslovakia) (4) Ciano (Italy) (5) Cardenas (Hungary)

50. The Lambeth Walk is not only a popular tune, but a ..... as well:

(1) town in Ireland (2) dance (3) drink (4) a new-style men's hat (5) a new theory for taking off weight

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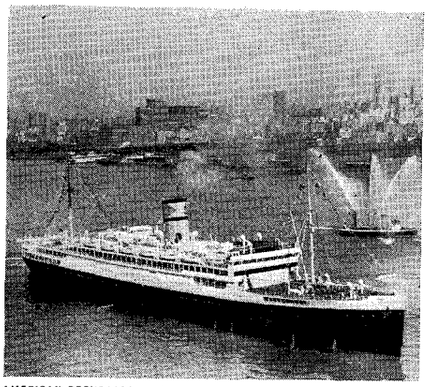
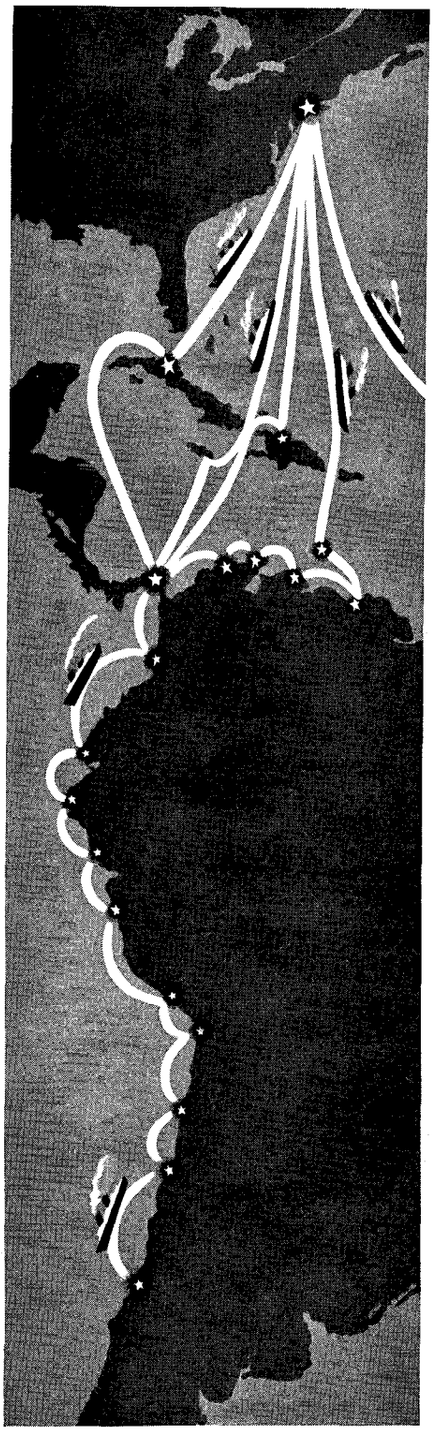


AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE

The S.S. Brazil *of the new Good Neighbor Fleet. The map below shows routes of this fleet, of the Grace Line, and (at the upper right) of a luxury cruiser*



Hands Acros

WILLIAM

AN ANALYSIS *of the United States' battle for Lat motion pictures, and military advisers . . . the Go*

THE United States is today engaged in an unprecedented drive to conquer Latin America. The battle is being fought on many fronts and with many weapons. Its outcome is as important to the United States as any war this country has ever entered. Yet even while the fighting is most furious we are gaining greater trust and respect from the Latin Americans.

This paradox is possible because the conquest is a bloodless one, based on a complete reversal of the foreign policy which led Will Rogers to remark in 1928 that President Coolidge arrived at the Pan-American conference in Havana shaking hands with one hand and shooting with the other.

The men chiefly responsible for this startling shift of policy are Roosevelt, whose basic idea it was, Hull, whose job it is to translate ideas into action, and Sumner Welles, who is sort of a one-man ways-and-means committee. To that list might be added another pair of names: Hitler and Mussolini. For the two dictators, gazing with greedy eyes on the luxuriant tropical wealth, are doing their best to muscle in on Latin America. This Fascist scare, the war in the Orient, the war and threat of further war in Europe—these factors, coupled with many lesser causes, have produced the revolutionary shift in the United States' foreign and commercial policy.

This new program is no abrupt, haphazard thing, however. It was mentioned in Roosevelt's first inaugural address; it has been planned with exhaustive care in the State Department. The first real volley was fired when Roosevelt signed the nonintervention pact at Buenos Aires in 1936, agreeing to stop minding all Latin America's business. This big step was followed by a myriad other moves—some trivial, some dazzling, some direct, some obscure, some successful, some less successful—but all converging on one point, friendship between the Americas.

The United States is working through channels of diplomacy, trade, culture . . . working through any medium that serves its purpose. Inter-American travel facilities have been sensationally expanded and improved. Large United States radio systems are steadily devoting more and more hours on the air to programs primarily designed for Latin American audiences. Major motion-picture producers, for the first time, are making films tailored to the needs of the other American republics. Universities and wealthy foundations are hard at work on the cultural and intellectual ties between the Americas. Newspapers, the press services, and magazines are giving more prominence to Latin America. The Department of Commerce is working to strengthen our trade position with the 118,000,000 Latin American people. The Department of State, which has labored painstakingly to prepare the groundwork for our whole complex program of peaceful penetration in the Americas, is now moving swiftly and intelligently to make secure what has been accomplished, and to make further progress possible.

II

UP until October of last year steamer service to the wealthy and influential republics of Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina was uncomfortable, slow, and expensive. Sailings were irregular. The trip from New York to Buenos Aires took nearly three weeks. America's antiquated liners contrasted deplorably with the three luxury liners of Italy operating on a fortnightly schedule to Genoa, and the six splendid ships of Germany operating on a weekly schedule to Hamburg. The German and Italian ships made their crossings in sixteen days at rates $200 to $400 cheaper than our charges. The effect was drastic. During 1937, total traffic between the United States and the east coast of South America was 8000 travelers both ways. In the

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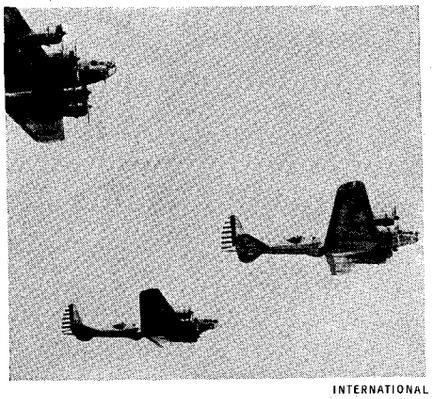
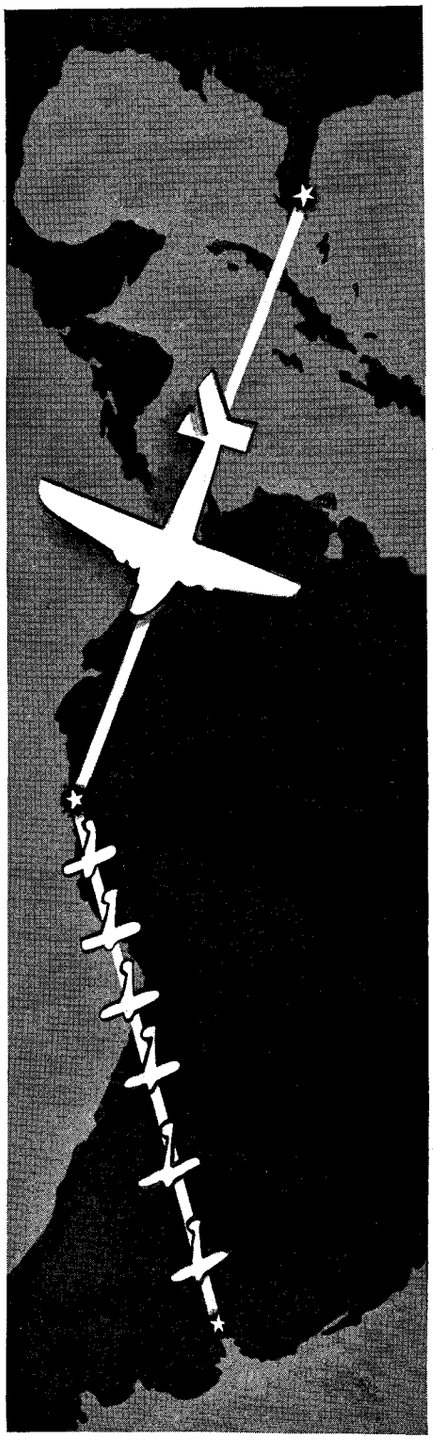
nerica . . . planned penetration using aviation, radio,
:ighbor Fleet . . . Federal funds for a jungle highway



INTERNATIONAL

The United States Army's "flying fortresses" in formation. The map shows six of these Boeing Bombers on their Miami-Lima-Buenos Aires good-will flight



same period 27,000 east-coast South Americans alone went to Europe.

Washington was disturbed. Travel among the Americas was indispensable to good will. The Maritime Commission studied the complex situation, reported that service to South America was inadequate, recommended in conjunction with the State Department that the "expansion of trade and the development of international relations require that it be improved immediately."

The Commission acted swiftly on the heels of its report. Through a transfer of book credits, it acquired three liners, valued at $15,000,000. The steamers were completely renovated at a cost of more than $1,000,000. Then, in October, America's newspapers announced the first sailings of "The Good Neighbor Fleet—Three New Ambassadors Extraordinary to South America." Today, in luxury and completeness of appointments these three liners—appropriately named *Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay*—outshine their Italian and German competitors. The Commission is optimistic that the service will pay its way, but emphasizes that the Government is prepared to support the operating line to the extent of millions of dollars, because of the diplomatic importance of the ships.

Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, declared in a nationwide radio address just prior to the inauguration of the new service that the Good Neighbor Fleet had three objectives: to promote and facilitate trade between all the Americas; to promote travel; to promote good will and friendly relations.

The only advantage still accruing to the foreign competitors is their lower passenger rates. To meet this cut-rate competition, the Commission is now studying a system of subsidies to effect a substantial rate reduction for the eighteen-day trip. Already a special half-fare rate has been approved for teachers, students, and other passengers in a position to influence public opinion.

And this isn't the end. The Commission plans to build within four years three ambassadorial-type steamers, capable of twenty-five knots, which will carry 500 passengers to Buenos Aires in fourteen days or less.

Earlier in the year, the Grace Line, long pre-eminent in the American travel area, transferred its three splendid *Santa* ships to the Caribbean itinerary, where they could serve Central America and South America's north coast. The Commission is busy with plans to improve cargo-boat service to Latin America, for in this field the United States lags well behind German and British competitors.

By land, too, the Americas are drawing closer together. For generations the American republics have visualized a great Pan-American highway stretching 11,000 miles through jungles and deserts, across wide, deep rivers, and over the precipitous Andes Mountains, from the Texas border to Buenos Aires, at the lower tip of South America. What such a highway would mean to the solidarity of the Americas is incalculable. It would be a great artery along which the life of the Americas would flow and mingle.

This road is no idle scheme. Already many links of it are open. A magnificent section, dedicated in 1936, runs 750 miles from Laredo, Texas, through dry plains, subtropical jungle, and towering mountain peaks, to one of the most beautiful capitals in the world, Mexico City. Hundreds of thousands of tourists have already used it to become more familiar with our neighbor across the Rio Grande. As part of its good-neighbor policy the United States is co-operating now in construction work undertaken by several Central American republics to complete an all-weather road from Mexico City to Panama City, Panama, a distance of 2485 miles. There are 300 miles of well-paved road north from Panama City to David. The remainder

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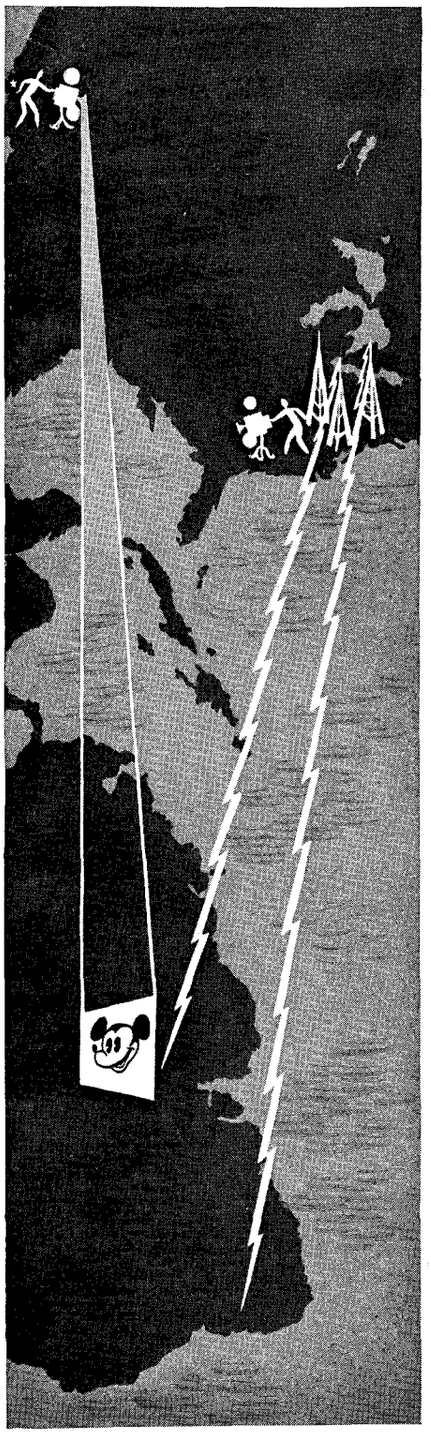
RKO

RKO making a Spanish movie in Astoria, L. I. Films and short-wave programs flash across the equator from United States studios and broadcasting stations



is good and bad dirt road, and about 560 miles of trails impassable to wheeled vehicles at any time.

Through the sections being improved, the United States has already constructed fourteen bridges at a cost of a million and a quarter dollars, and is now supervising the construction of twelve more, plus rather extensive road paving and surveying. South from Panama City toward the Andes and Buenos Aires, a colossal task has hardly been touched, though roads are going steadily forward in various countries which will one day be linked.

Pan-American Airways has frequently been called North America's best ambassador to Latin America. In 1937 it finally linked all of the American republics. This year has been marked by steady expansion that raises this airline head and shoulders above any foreign competitor in its field.

And so the United States is moving south by sea, by land, and by air. Travel bookings to Latin America are at a higher level than ever before. The American Express Company is booking four times as many tours to Latin America as they ever have before. Raymond Whitcomb and Thomas Cook both report a marked increase. Luxury ships like the *Normandie,* the *Rex,* the *Nieu Amsterdam,* the *Bremen,* the *Conte di Savoia,* have been, and will be, chartered for de luxe cruises this winter to Latin America, where December is the middle of summer. And South America, for her part, is spending millions of dollars to improve her tourist facilities. Nor is all the traveling in one direction. An American Express official, just returned from South America, reports that the interest of South Americans in traveling to the United States is at the highest pitch in his experience.

The good-neighbor effort to get Americans to visit the Americas first is succeeding on its own merits, although admittedly helped by disturbed conditions in Europe and the Orient. Figures are eloquent. More people traveled from this country to Latin America last year than journeyed to Europe—220,000 United States citizens visited the American republics, 168,000 went to Europe. The difference this year will be even greater—a change heartening to the United States' effort to win friends in Latin America. This effort will be given new direction and force next April, when representatives of all twenty-one American republics will gather at the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco for the first Inter-American Travel Congress. Sponsors of the Congress, convinced inter-American travel has arrived at adulthood, are confident that the meeting will make concrete proposals to stimulate that international amity which arises when peaceful travelers cross frontiers to see at first hand the life and culture of another country.

III

THE highly publicized propaganda campaigns by German and Italian short-wave broadcasting to Latin America culminated this spring in a movement in Congress to establish a United States Government-operated station which would answer Fascist attacks on democracy blast for blast.

Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, who knows his Latin America, said that such propaganda would become a two-edged sword in Latin America, grievously wounding the sponsor. He quietly did the bill to death.

The agitation for a Government-operated station, however, served a sound purpose. It caused a re-examination of short-wave broadcasting to Latin America from the United States which is entirely in the hands of the private companies. The re-examination disclosed serious shortcomings, suggested corrections, stimulated the companies to extend and improve their service.

Early this year a Department-of-Commerce survey of radio audiences below the Tropic of Cancer embodied several recommendations—more music, popular and light opera; more use of the Spanish and Portuguese languages; more Latin American artists and speakers; more programs focused on Latin American interests rather than United States concerns. Those recommendations were incorporated, plus a phenomenal expansion of facilities.

Two and three years ago the major radio systems made no budgetary appropriations for Latin American broadcasts. Today the budgets of the two major chains each runs close to $200,000 a year, and they are increasing daily. Within the past eighteen months personnel and air time have jumped 500 per cent. In September, for the first time on record, the National Broadcasting Company's fan mail from Latin America exceeded that from Europe. In October, NBC, which had been broadcasting eight hours to Europe and eight hours to Latin America, started a daily thirteen-hour schedule to the Americas. It was assigned two new frequencies by the Federal Communication Commission that will enable its programs to arrive in Chile and Argentina "like a brass band."

NBC executives readily admit that

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they were startled into action by the propaganda broadcasts of Hitler and Mussolini. NBC climbed on the wagon with Roosevelt's good-neighbor policy. Today 2000 letters a month arrive at Radio City from their short-wave audience. A large map, thirty-five feet long, hangs in the offices of the international division. It charts countries from which fan mail originates. Every one of the twenty Latin American republics is recorded.

In the first four and a half months of 1938 alone the Columbia Broadcasting System presented seventy-one hours of programs in Spanish and Portuguese, an increase of considerably more than 100 per cent over the entire previous year. It increased its special Latin American staff from two to thirteen employees. Today CBS broadcasts ninety-five programs a week to South America —twenty-two and a half hours in English, sixteen hours in Spanish and Portuguese. And the company plans to increase the power of its station from 10,000 watts to 50,000 watts in the near future. CBS also short-waves special broadcasts of important events in Latin America to the other republics and the United States.

Also plunging into the Latin American arena are the General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and the World Wide Broadcasting Corporation. General Electric, through two powerful stations in Schenectady, broadcasts 100 hours a week to the American republics, an increase of 300 per cent in the past four years. The World Wide Broadcasting Corporation, part of whose program work is subsidized by the Rockefeller Foundation, which will shortly have a 50,000-watt station, plans to increase to 100,000 watts in the near future. It will then be as powerful as any station in the world, including the great Russian, German, and Italian stations. This corporation is developing a series of programs that will represent an excellent and scholarly survey of cultural activity in the United States and in Latin America.

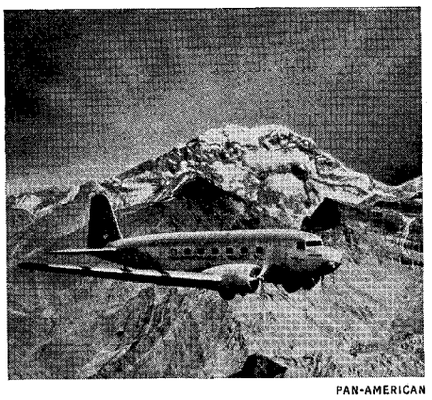
These private agencies do not stand alone in their efforts to bring Latin America and the United States closer together in the community of nations. The Federal Government took a forward step in promoting inter-American friendship through radio by sponsoring through the Office of Education some twenty-six programs to educate the people of the United States in the history and culture of Latin America. Out of Columbia's total 114 stations, exactly 102 carried the series. The end of this past spring 55,000 United States listeners had written in to tell of their appreciation. Many schools related these programs to their courses in history and current events.

Short-wave broadcasting presents puzzling problems. Even though NBC distributes its program schedules six weeks ahead to 150 Latin American papers for publication, it is never sure that its broadcasts are being received, because sets and conditions vary reception so. To solve this problem it has established a pattern of regularity. Frank Mason, an NBC vice-president, suggested the idea when short-wave broadcasting was placed in his hands. He found that German, Italian, French, and English stations were broadcasting at curious times, such as 7:22 or 8:39 and as much as five hours were elapsing between broadcasts. The result was that the short-wave audience had to hunt haphazardly up and down their dials for these stations. Mason said that NBC should broadcast day by day, regularly on the hour. Gradually our listeners will realize, he argued, that they can rely on us and will turn to our wave lengths. Appreciative fan mail, growing in volume, indicates he was right. The letters not only ask for photographs of the announcers and make proposals of marriage, but express appreciation for the regularity and excellence of the programs.

The mail to all companies praises the objectivity and accuracy of United States news broadcasts. News broadcasts from Europe—chiefly Germany, Italy, and Russia—have been so full of propaganda and factual distortion that within the past six months there has been a decided shift among Latin American short-wave listeners to news programs from the United States.

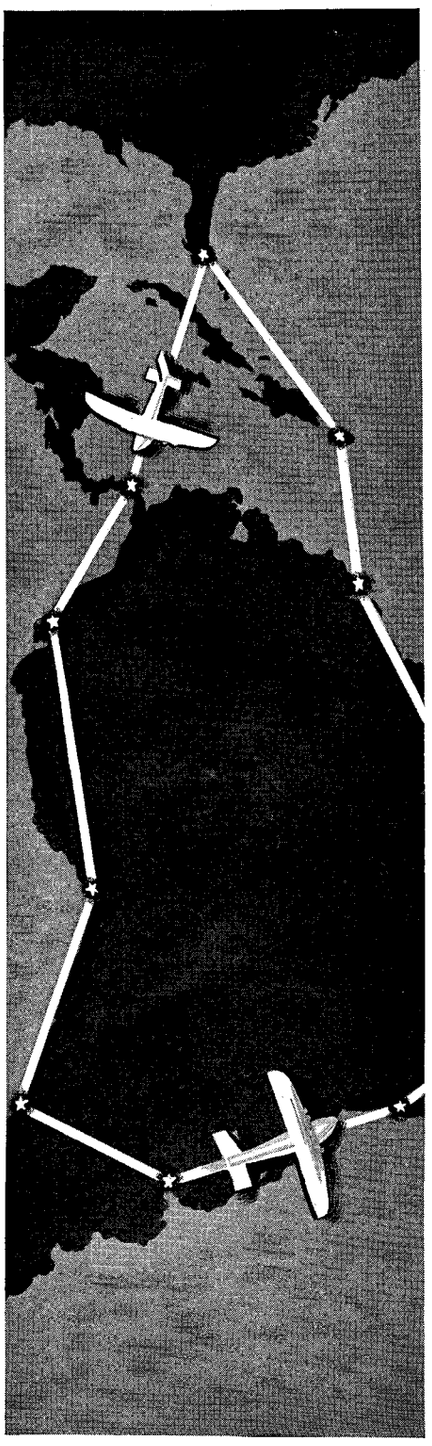
What direction short-wave broadcasting will take is uncertain. Washington's alarm at German-Italian propaganda broadcasts to Latin America was tempered by the knowledge that there are only 200,000 radio sets in all the American republics capable of receiving short-wave. This knowledge has already led NBC and CBS to make tentative arrangements to have their programs relayed through local stations in the Americas. Latin America has 217 broadcasting stations, a total which compares favorably with the 747 in the United States. They have an audience of 2,353,000 sets, plus a greater clarity of reception than short-wave.

At present, short-wave advertising is forbidden by the Federal Communica-



PAN-AMERICAN

A Pan-American-Grace airliner crossing the Andes. On the map—a fast passenger service girdles South America with planes from Miami five days a week



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tion Commission. One of the major companies had an unfortunate experience in this forbidden realm. It short-waved an account of an outstanding sports event recently, which was sponsored by General Motors, for the regular chain of domestic stations in the United States. A station in Mexico, knowing several days ahead through announcements that the broadcast was coming, made arrangements to pick it up and rebroadcast it throughout Mexico. The station sold the broadcast to the local Ford dealer.

Unable to commercialize on these short-wave broadcasts, the companies charge off the expense to prestige, public service, and good will in Washington circles. But as they pour cash into their Latin American departments, the networks look forward to a time when the FCC may relax its restrictions and allow short-wave advertising. Such a move would toss a rich and ready market squarely into the broadcasters' well-prepared laps.

American motion-picture companies are only half a jump behind the radio systems in the scurry southward. Embargoes, censorship, wars, and rumors of wars have kicked a hole in the bottom of Hollywood's foreign market. And the movie producers have been quick to realize that an answer to their problem lies in their own back yard.

The result is that New York may become the film capital of Latin America. RKO, Paramount, and Fox are all dusting out their Eastern studios and planning pictures specially produced for Latin American consumption. MGM and United Artists, too, are investigating this new field. RKO is now making six musical features in Spanish. The actors are Spanish; the stories were written for Latin tastes; and every detail of production is geared to please our neighbors to the South. RKO believes that the time is ripe for this cinematic invasion of South America. Audiences there have protested against the flood of propaganda films which, wearing the sheep's clothing of Spanish sound tracks, have poured in from Germany, Italy, and Russia. Latin Americans are likely to boo any foreign films—American included—which have Spanish subtitles or even Spanish dialogue dubbed in. They want real Spanish movies, and the United States means to comply with this demand. RKO is convinced that its present series of Spanish streamlined pictures will uncover a vast market. Latin America's 5000 theaters, comparable without apology to the 12,000 quality film houses in the United States, are an excellent outlet. Also there are very few films produced domestically in Latin America —which leaves the field wide open.

IV

Neither the Government nor private institutions has neglected the esoteric realm of intellectual co-operation in this concerted appeal for trust and understanding from the other Americas. Last July the State Department established a division of cultural relations and intellectual co-operation between the United States and other countries. First on the list of "other countries" is Latin America. This organization is no propaganda agency—its budget of $27,000 forestalls that. It is, really, a go-between, a liaison agent between other governments and American institutions such as the Rockefeller Foundation. Its first job is to carry out a measure already passed, which calls for the annual exchange of forty students and twenty professors between twenty-one American countries. Already there are a thousand Latin American students in United States universities.

Various private United States agencies are at work in Latin America. The Rockefeller Foundation is bringing students up from South America and training them as teachers and librarians. The Foundation is also furnishing some of the money used by the World Wide Broadcasting Corporation on its extensive broadcasts to Latin America. Significantly, the directors are swiftly liquidating their commitments in Europe and Asia.

The Guggenheim Foundation is increasing its fellowship appropriation for Latin American students. Carnegie is enlarging its program of book distribution among the Americas. The Grace Steamship Lines have just awarded scholarships to three Chilean engineering graduates for industrial study in the United States. And United States universities have more than doubled the number of courses on Latin American life in the past two years.

V

The mingling of these new currents of interest among the Americas is reflected in the press and in magazines.

Papers in Latin America are writing and cabling constantly for more news of the United States. To meet this demand both the Associated Press and the United Press are rapidly expanding their facilities in Latin America. Interest in United States news has grown so keen that one press association discovered several papers in the Americas were proudly publishing on their front pages that they were members of the association, using the association's full news report, which is wirelessed to Latin America daily, with credit lines. The only hitch was that the association membership office had never heard of the papers. However, the papers are now paying members. Dr. Carlos Davila, formerly Provisional President of Chile and recently Chilean Ambassador to Washington, says that his Editors Press, which supplies a feature service to more than fifty leading papers in the southern republics, has doubled its use of United States features.

The magazines are all climbing aboard the southern-bound band wagon; dozens of them have published articles on trends in Latin America. Recently the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* put out a special magazine dealing entirely with the Mexican question. *Fortune* has been devoting one major article in each issue to a detailed analysis of each of the South American countries.

Of all the United States publishers, only the book people are not in step with the march toward the equator. Although books on Latin America are being released domestically at a greater rate than ever before, the export of books to these countries amounts to very little. The American product is too great a luxury in a market flooded with cheap paperback books from Germany, Italy, and England. Secretary Hull called United States publishers down to Washington last May to discuss the plan of producing cheap American editions specially for export south, but so far little has been done to conquer this field from foreign competition.

VI

Since 1934 Germany's share of Latin American imports has more than doubled, replacing the United States in first place in Brazilian trade. A trade subsidy, instituted in 1936, is chiefly responsible for this jump. Also Italian and Japanese trade, though much less important, has been increasing steadily.

The United States was alarmed at this invasion of its second most important foreign market. United States business does roughly a billion dollars' worth of trade annually with South America and has nearly five billions invested in the development of the republics' natural resources. Something had to be done, and Secretary Hull began to do it. He began negotiating reciprocal trade agreements to offset Germany's drive. By October, 1938, the United States had entered into ten such agreements with Latin countries. During 1936 United States exports (*continued on page* 46)

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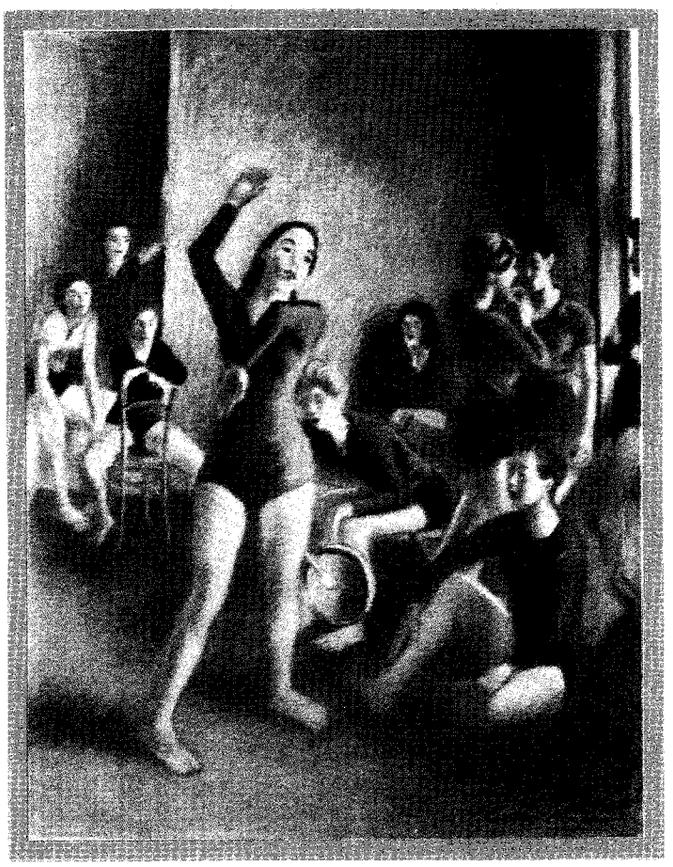
LIFE IN THE U. S.
. . . *Painting*



THIS month SCRIBNER'S brings together a group of twelve pictures representative of the nation's many regions. They are the work of twelve Americans—some native-born and some not—and we believe that they comprise as fine a collection of contemporary art as has ever been published in a single magazine issue.

This presentation is made in co-operation with the Associated American Artists. An important aspect of it is the reproducing method involved. When the AAA was launched in 1934 for the purpose of bringing art before a larger public, it recognized the necessity of making good reproductions available. After much exploration in the field, it engaged the Edward Stern Company of Philadelphia, which had been at work on color processes for a decade. Further experiments consumed ten months; the results are shown here for the first time in any magazine.

Essentially, the new process relies upon a combination of a gelatin-coated Monel plate with an exceptionally fine half-tone screen and the elimination of handwork, hence of hard lines and sharp edges. It may be safely said that this new reproduction technique is far superior to any that has previously been used in this country or abroad. With four plates—red, blue, yellow, and black—it achieves almost perfect fidelity in color and tone. (A fifth, gray plate was used in two of these pictures, where the artist had worked on gray paper.) High tribute to its success lies in the unprecedented fact that the artists are satisfied that the reproductions are faithful to the originals.

MODERN TEMPO, by Raphael Soyer, from the original pastel. Here is a typical scene from the many dance studios around New York's Fourteenth Street, where Soyer does his painting. It is through sympathetic portrayals of life in this harsh section of the city that he has won much acclaim. Born in Russia in 1899, Soyer came to America when he was ten, studied at the Art Students League, and is now a leader among the younger artists.

BEACHCOMBERS, by John Whorf, from the original water color. Living in Provincetown, Massachusetts, the thirty-five-year-old artist has caught the genuine mood of the sea and those who follow it. And this painting reveals his skill with water colors, an immensely difficult medium which he has mastered as fully as any other contemporary artist. Many critics have compared Whorf's talent with that of the famed Winslow Homer.

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TOILERS AT SUNSET, by Millard Sheets, from the original oil painting. The success of this California artist has been one of the major art phenomena of the past decade. Nine years ago, at twenty-two, Sheets won first prize in the Witte Memorial Museum competition open to American artists. His awards since then mount into the hundreds, and he is represented in thirty-four institutions. At twenty-five, he was made associate professor of art at Scripp's College and is now on the faculties of the University of Hawaii and the University of California. He was guest of honor at the international water-color exhibition held this year at the Chicago Art Institute.

COTTON PICKERS—GA., by Thomas Benton, from the original water color. With an honesty that recognizes toughness and tragedy in the American scene, Benton has probably done more than any other artist to make the country self-conscious. His portrayals of life in the South point up the crazy and somehow spirited plodding that characterizes Americans everywhere. Further, they have proved to many young artists this country's fertility in subject matter. A native of Missouri, Benton began studying art in Chicago when he was sixteen, went to Paris for a brief surrender to French art modes, and then returned and became 100 per cent American again. His powerful, three-dimensional lithographs and paintings have carried him to the front ranks of today's artists. Likewise, his autobiography and other literary works have increased his stature as an artist.

THE WILLOWS, by Leon Kroll, from the original gesso (a painting done on a background of prepared plaster). Superb coloring, composition, and strict artistic discipline have long distinguished the work of this artist. Three years ago his finely wrought *Morning on the Cape* was voted the most popular canvas at the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh, and at the next International, he won the jury award for first prize. Earlier, he had won even greater honors and had seen his paintings acquired by the leading museums. Some of the most striking examples of Kroll's talent are the murals in the Department of Justice Building in Washington, D. C.

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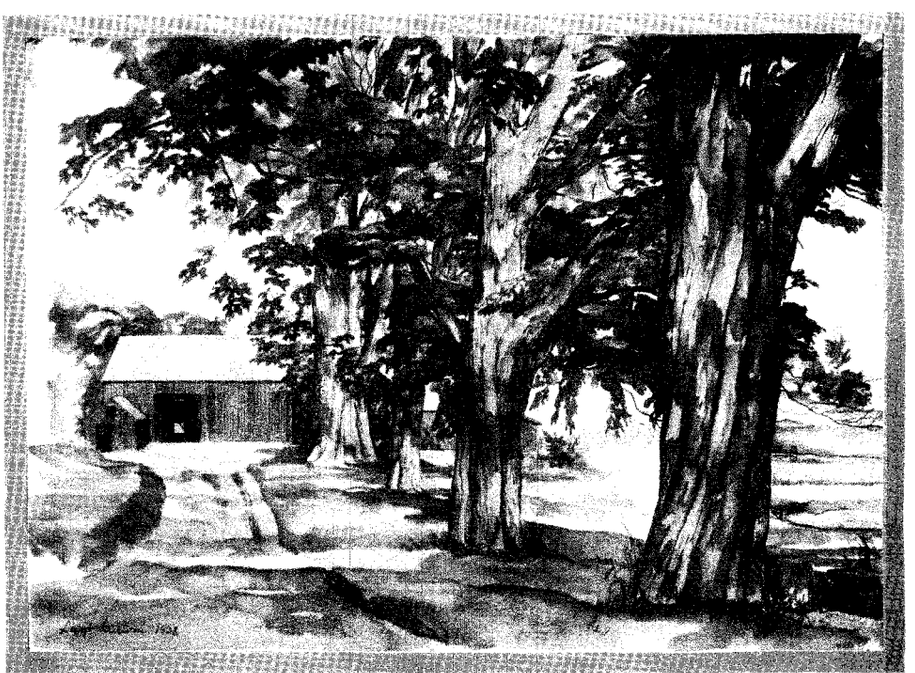
MINNESOTA FARM, by Adolf Dehn, from the original water color. Perhaps the greatest living lithographer, Dehn has seen his work entered in collections in New York, London, Berlin, Vienna, and Honolulu. He has been represented among the Fifty Prints of the Year successively since 1929. For years he concentrated on this medium, achieving effects which have never been duplicated in other lithographs. Artists and collectors urged him to try painting as well. He was interested, but hesitant until last April, when he exhibited a group of water colors in New York. And now, after a splendid critical reception, he is justly considered a virtuoso in two departments.

FISHERMEN THREE, by John Costigan, from the original water color. Like Thomas Benton and Grant Wood, Mr. Costigan is a disciple of the American soil. He owns and works a farm in Orangeburg, New York, and most of his paintings reflect the natural surroundings. He is completely self-taught. When he was eighteen, and without training, he came to New York from Providence, Rhode Island, and for ten years designed theater posters. A brief exploration into oil painting was cut short when he went overseas in the World War. Upon returning, he decided to settle down in the country, and has stayed there ever since. Cities he considers mere market places for what comes off the land. Museums in sixty-two cities here and abroad have acquired Mr. Costigan's off-the-land paintings and etchings, and he has been awarded ninety-one major prizes.



SUNLIT PATTERNS, by Luigi Lucioni, from the original water color. A thoroughgoing realist, with a passion and facility for detail, Lucioni has won great popularity in the contemporary art world. Born in Italy thirty-seven years ago, he now lives in New York City, but draws upon the scenes of New England for most of his work. He has a profound admiration for the old Italian masters, and makes frequent trips to Italy to study and re-study them. This appreciation is reflected especially in his landscapes, which are handled in the early-Italian vein. Although principally renowned for his painting and etching, Lucioni is also an accomplished composer.

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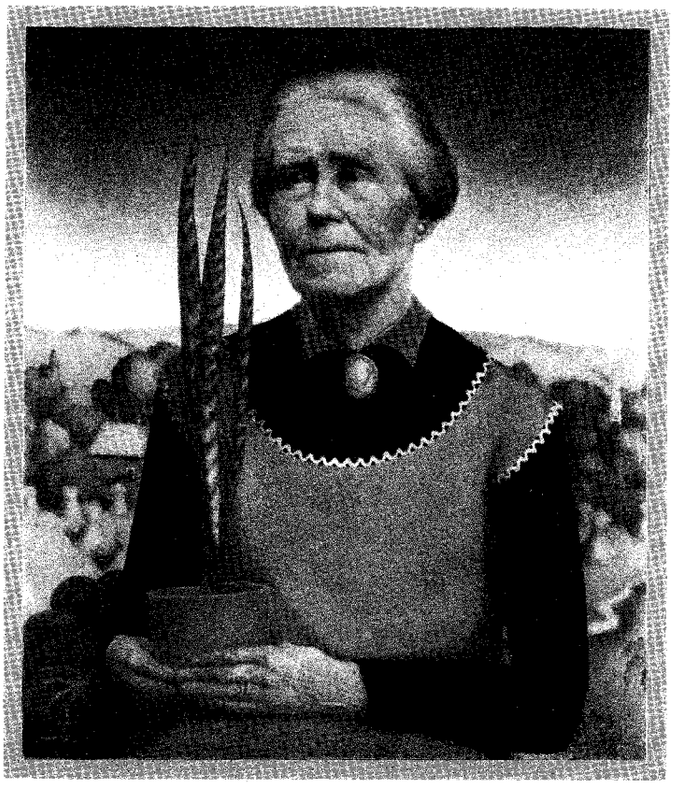
SPRING FLOWERS, by Lucile Blanch, from the original pastel. This delicate drawing is by a young woman who has shown equal skill in portraying tropical storms and circus life, and who has accomplished much to advance respect for feminine talent in the field of painting.



WOMAN WITH PLANTS, by Grant Wood, from the original oil painting. This portrait (first reproduced in color in the June, 1937, SCRIBNER'S) exemplifies the Iowa artist's searching character studies. Thomas Craven has declared it superior to Whistler's *Mother*. Wood is a painstaking worker, producing only one or two canvases a year, but his subjects have made an indelible impression upon America's art-consciousness.

INEZ, by Maurice Sterne, from the original gouache (a method of water-color painting with opaque colors mixed with water, honey, and gum). The San Francisco artist is now at work on a mural for the Federal Government, and is well-known for his paintings of Bali.

STUDY-MORNING INTERLUDE, by Robert Brackman, from the original pastel. Called by some traditional, by others modern, the Russian-born artist says he belongs to no school, but seeks to penetrate both old and new. Recently Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh chose him to do their portraits.

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Gambling in Governments

S. F. PORTER

AN INQUIRY into free riding in Government bonds . . . $80,000,000 profits in half a decade . . . 15% in a week . . . the world's simplest, safest way to double money

EVERY so often the financial pages make casual reference to a practice called "free riding." To the uninitiated, this might mean anything from hitchhiking to snatching the brass ring on a merry-go-round. To those in the know, it stands for a simple, quick, and amazingly safe way to make money.

A free rider is a person or institution that subscribes for a block of new Government bonds and sells them at a profit before the date when full payment for the bonds is due. In the past six years there have been opportunities for thirty-four free rides in the Government market, reflecting the sale of nearly $15,000,000,000 in new Treasury securities. The profits? Impossible to calculate accurately, but somewhere around $80,000,000. The risks? Infinitesimal, for each of these thirty-four flotations was managed by the Government in such a way as to assure profits for the free rider.

This is how it works. The Treasury usually begins its preparations for a bond issue five or six weeks before it announces the terms of the new offering. Actually, it is preparing to borrow money. A man approaching his bank for a loan puts up a good front; he straightens out his financial records, talks big and confidently. The United States Treasury does the same thing on a larger scale. It releases some cheering news to stimulate the prices of prime-grade bonds. Both the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Banks are likely to borrow a few million dollars' worth of Government bonds to lift prices and give the market color and zip. Secretary Morgenthau confers with leading bankers and bond dealers to discover what interest rates and maturities would be best.

In short, the market is "dressed" and then, presto! comes the announcement. (September 8, 1938) "The Secretary of the Treasury . . . invites subscriptions, at par and accrued interest, from the people of the United States for 2½ per cent bonds of the United States, designated Treasury bonds of 1950–52. The amount of the offering is $400,000,000 or thereabouts. . . ."

Also in the announcement are details on the methods of subscribing; on the right of the Treasury to reject subscriptions; on the fact that banking institutions generally may submit for account of customers cash subscriptions without deposit. And there is one sentence which paves the way for the free rider: "Cash subscriptions from all others must be accompanied by payment of 10 per cent of the amount of bonds applied for. . . ."

When the Treasury offers new bonds it always allows a week to ten days to elapse between the date of offering and the date when purchasers of the obligations must pay up and take their bonds home. It is during this period that the free rider operates—a week during which, for all intents and purposes, he owns the obligations on a 10 per cent margin and during which they are being traded in the market just as though they had been outstanding for many years. Before that period is ended, the free rider sells his Government bonds to buyers who had wanted them all along.

II

HERE was the routine followed by a free rider—call him John Broadstreet—during the past September flotation.

Immediately after the disclosure of the terms of financing, Broadstreet (with funds and securities on which he could raise $100,000 in cash for seven days) telephoned a dealer in United States Government securities and asked whether the bonds were worth more than the formal offering price of 100. He was told that the Treasury had been as generous as usual and that, according to the prices at which comparable outstanding Government obligations were selling, the 2½ per cent bonds were worth at least 101½, or $1015, thus making the immediate profit to any buyer $15 a bond.

Broadstreet, therefore, was ready to proceed. He went to the New York Federal Reserve Bank and obtained the blank for cash subscriptions to the United States Treasury 2½ per cent bonds due in 1952. On the blank, he filled in the date, the space reading "Please enter my subscription for $....." with the figure $1,000,000, and signed his name and address. He then turned in the blank with his check for $100,000—10 per cent of his total subscription—got a receipt for his money and went back to his business.

The first part of the free-riding transaction was finished.

Broadstreet had the entire day of September 8 to place this order. He might have waited until late evening and mailed his subscription directly to the Treasury Department. If he had lived in another city, he could have gone to the Federal Reserve Bank in his district, or, wherever he lived, he could have asked his bank or broker to place the subscription for him. And, of course, he might have ordered fewer bonds, depending upon the amount of cash he could raise.

At midnight, the Treasury closed the books on subscriptions to the new bonds, reflecting the fact that orders had been so overwhelming that it was unnecessary to solicit further orders. Two days later the Treasury revealed that it had received subscriptions of more than $4,487,000,000 for its $400,000,000 offering of bonds and that, therefore, subscribers would be allotted only 10 per cent of the total they had ordered. (Secretary Morgenthau added, however, that all subscriptions for $1000 would be allotted in full and that the smallest allotment on any subscription would be one $1000 bond. This, naturally, was a break for the smaller investors.)

Now comes the second part of the free ride. As soon as Broadstreet was notified by the Federal Reserve Bank that he had been awarded 100 bonds—10 per cent of a $1,000,000 order—he prepared to

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sell them at the market price. He telephoned his dealer again, learned that the new 2½ per cent bonds were selling at 1½ points over his purchase price and then, over the telephone, sold them. He told the dealer that the New York Reserve Bank would deliver the bonds to him on September 15, and he asked the Bank to deliver his bonds to the dealer specified.

On September 15, the dealer got Broadstreet's bonds from the Bank and sent him a check for his $100,000 plus a profit of 1½ per cent on each bond—or a total profit of $1500. Although Broadstreet's deposit was tied up for seven days, he actually made his profit in less than an hour. He never had any intention of holding his bonds. He had bet on a sure thing.

Just to bring matters down from the $100,000 class, I can cite my own experience. With only $500, I took a free ride on the September offering. Knowing that the Treasury would not allot less than one bond on a subscription, I placed my order for one bond on a deposit of $100 and used my remaining $400 to place subscriptions for one bond each in the names of my aunt, my uncle, my cousin, and my brother. I went through the same procedure Broadstreet did: checked the profit possibilities with a bond dealer; went with my "proxies" to the Federal Reserve Bank and placed the orders; then sold my five $1000 bonds at a profit of $15 each. Altogether my free ride took about a half-hour. My profit was $75 on an investment of $500 for seven days.

There are no class distinctions in the free riders' fraternity. Speculators, big institutional investors, and just people with cash rub elbows at the Federal Reserve Banks on subscription day. I know of one man who figures that he has doubled his money by free riding. Early in 1934 he inherited $50,000 and quit working so that he could manage his new fortune. Jittery about the normal risks in stock speculation, he spent most of his time worrying. Finally someone told him about free riding. He has taken a ride on every cash issue of Government securities since 1934 and today is worth over $100,000.

Another acquaintance boasts a 265 per cent capital appreciation through this maneuver. A third says he has increased his capital 480 per cent by free riding since 1933. And a well-known Wall Street house has met an expensive operating overhead from profits realized during free-riding periods.

Lest anyone say the Government stifles initiative, consider the two young speculators who were so charmed by the trick that they went into free riding as a business. They put out a shingle announcing themselves as foreign-exchange dealers, although they hadn't the remotest idea of how to translate pounds into francs or marks into pesos. They simply knew how to catch a ride on new security issues and they used every dollar they could get for this one purpose. Later, when they decided they had used the foreign-exchange blind long enough, they moved to a new office, printed new stationery, and continued their operations. As far as I know they are still going strong.

It's also possible to be overenthusiastic. For some time before the December, 1936, bond issue was announced a certain broker had been busy collecting the names of friends and relatives that he could use to mask the extent of his operations. On subscription day he mailed to the Federal Reserve Bank order forms in the names of twenty-nine persons. In his haste and excitement, however, he made a sad error; he sent all the forms in envelopes bearing his firm's name. And an alert secretary at the Bank noticed the phenomenal duplication. The broker was called to the Bank, questioned, and sent away smarting under official reprimand. Even so, he was permitted to enter subscriptions for himself and his wife. During the next Treasury issue, he used blank envelopes.

III

The question of risks involved in free riding is tied up with recent developments in the history of the United States Government bond market.

In 1836, the gross public debt of the United States amounted to only $38,000. Today it is more than $38,000,000,000, an increase of one hundred million per cent. From 1836 to 1918, there was no appreciable Government bond market. It really came into being with the World War, when the United States became a major nation, and a borrower with a $26,000,000,000 debt. The prosperous period between 1918 and 1930, however, jacked up the Treasury's surplus and enabled it to pay off all but $16,000,000,000. And then, in 1933, a new concept of government was born—one which held that the Government had a right and an obligation to feed and clothe its needy, to stimulate its industries. That meant borrowing again on a tremendous scale, and subsequent growth in the Government bond market which has made other exchanges look insignificant. To meet the vast deficits incurred in its spending program, the Roosevelt Administration had to have a special place to borrow. It went to the banks—via its own market.

The success of the Administration's program during the past six years has depended considerably upon the good condition of the market. The Treasury has it completely in hand. With the billions of dollars at its disposal and with the help of the Federal Reserve System, it buys when prices weaken, sells when prices advance. In March, 1937, for instance, when the business slump was getting off to a fine start, the Treasury threw its support behind the Government market and picked up $119,553,000 of its own bonds. In one week during August, 1934, when all world markets were suffering from the shock of Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss' assassination, the Treasury bought $45,000,000 of its own securities for the "investment accounts" under its supervision. That's control on a scale stock manipulators don't dream of.

Free riders recognize this factor of Government support of the markets as fundamental. They know that successful financing deals are essential to the Administration and that, therefore, the Treasury will do its best to put the market in attractive shape just before security offerings. And, what is just as important, they know that since the Treasury "insures" the success of its offerings, there will always be hundreds of bona fide investors—banks, insurance companies, trust funds—that will want more securities than they are able to obtain from the Treasury in their own names. These bond-hungry investors create the free rider's market, for they are willing to give him his profit in order to get hold of his bonds.

Not once in the past six years have free riders failed to win. Every Government security sold has jumped above its original issue price immediately after the formal offering. Some of the issues have returned relatively large profits—$17 and $20 a bond—and some, tendered during unsettled periods, have allowed only a few dollars per bond. But each issue has been a success, for the Government understands full well the importance of keeping that market alluring.

Of course, it is possible to conceive of things which might spoil the pretty picture. A world war; a wholesale flight of capital from the country; the assassination of the President; a new wave of currency devaluations; an overnight reversal in Government financial policy designed to lift the cost of money-borrowing—developments of this sort might force Government-security holders to dump their bonds on the market. And if

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SAVE YOUR EYES

NATURE places your eyes in deep sockets, surrounds them with bony structure, provides quick-action lids and cleansing tears to help protect your eyesight.

Moreover, Nature warns you when all is not well with your eyes. If you have unexplained headaches at the end of the day or headaches that increase with the use of the eyes, a tired feeling after reading, watering or bloodshot eyes, crusts or scales on the lashes, puffiness of the lids or blurred vision —a competent eye specialist should be consulted.

The specialist may be able to give relief by prescribing and fitting glasses, or he may find that treatment of some underlying medical condition is necessary. If you wear glasses you should visit your eye specialist periodically to have the lenses checked. Incorrect lenses or frames that do not hold the glasses in the right position can cause serious eyestrain.

Simple Rules for Conserving Sight

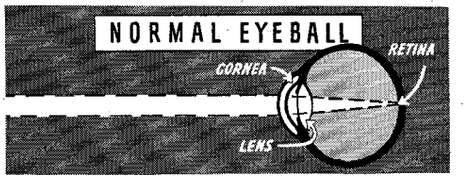
Don't strain your eyes by reading or working in a dim light. Avoid glare. Frequently interrupt prolonged close work such as reading, writing or sewing by resting the eyes; either shut them or look off into the distance. If you read in bed, make sure that your book is held at equal distance from *each* eye—never read when lying on your side and always have the page well lighted and *below* the level of your eyes.

If something gets into your eye rubbing it may have serious consequences. When tears do not wash out the offending substance, draw the upper lid over the lower. If this fails, have a doctor remove it. Unless ordered by an eye specialist, avoid the use of ointments, salves and other remedies.

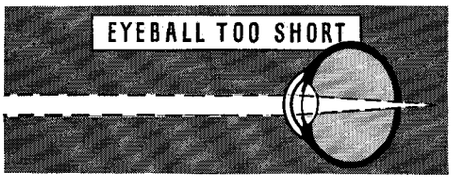
Eyesight Lost is Seldom Regained

The eye, like other parts of the body, is subject to changes due to advancing age. Even though your eyes seem normal, your safest course lies in regular examinations, plus prompt professional attention whenever a symptom appears. Remember that eyesight lost is seldom regained.

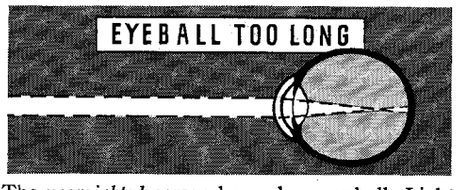
If discovered in time many defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected. The Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes" contains valuable information. A post card brings you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 1238-S.



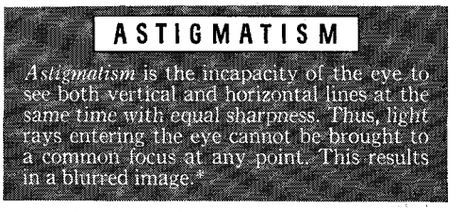
When the normal eye is looking into the distance, light rays focus the image directly on the retina —or back part of the eyeball. The muscles which control the lens of the eye come into play for close work.



The *farsighted* person has a short eyeball. Light rays entering his eye focus the image *back* of the retina. He may be able to see distant objects but cannot focus on nearby objects without straining the muscles of the eye. *



The *nearsighted* person has a long eyeball. Light rays entering his eye focus the image in *front* of the retina. He can see objects close at hand but cannot focus for distant objects. *


ASTIGMATISM
Astigmatism is the incapacity of the eye to see both vertical and horizontal lines at the same time with equal sharpness. Thus, light rays entering the eye cannot be brought to a common focus at any point. This results in a blurred image.*

* These defects can be corrected by glasses.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* — LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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the market collapsed, trading might be suspended altogether, and the free rider caught short. But if such things happened, he'd probably be caught in one way or another anyway, and a free-riding loss would be the least of his headaches. To cite such catastrophes as the only probable causes for risk in free riding is no exaggeration. Even during a situation as hot as the March, 1933, crisis, when the nation's banks closed, the Treasury was able to sell an issue of notes that rose to a premium. The same thing was true in the September, 1938, financing, made at the time of the Central European crisis. The free riders could have sold their securities profitably at any moment during those periods.

If a free rider did get caught by a major catastrophe, he would have three alternatives: he could try to cancel his subscription, throwing himself on the mercy of the Federal Reserve Bank officials; he could ask his bank to carry him on a 10 per cent margin; or he could offer his bonds for whatever price they would bring, hoping to get out with only a minor loss.

The Government's attitude toward free riding is clear, but not frightening. It considers it disturbing to the market, harmful to the price level. In December, 1936, after a year in which free riders had run wild, Secretary Morgenthau exploded to reporters: "Free riders are chiselers who are trying to cheat their own government." He cited an instance of a bank which used its entire clerical staff to aid in its free-riding operations, and told of a man who had used the names of twenty-one members of his family to disguise his activities. The Treasury has taken some steps to get rid of free riders. It has raised the deposit requirements for subscriptions from 5 to 10 per cent, but that has not been prohibitive. Banks have been ordered to check on the credit standing of individual buyers, but that is too big a job. It is doubtful that the authorities could ever eliminate a practice so easy to understand and operate without doing the market more harm than good. Indeed, the activities of the free riders give the Government market a stimulation and excitement it could obtain from no other conservative source.

So much for the risks. They would not loom large to anyone who has the courage to ride in an airplane or cross Fifth Avenue at noon.

The future of free riding looks good. Since millions of dollars of the securities sold by the Treasury in recent years have carried short-term maturities, large blocks of the public debt mature every few months. In 1935, for instance, close to 50 per cent of the outstanding debt was in the form of securities due within five years. In the fall of 1938, nearly 39 per cent of the debt represented obligations maturing before 1944. The Treasury Departments of this and future administrations, therefore, are faced with a serious problem of debt refunding. Borrowing at regular intervals by the country's fiscal authorities to meet the debt coming due and to raise new cash is virtually assured during the remainder of this decade and most of the next.

Today, thousands of speculators are preparing to free-ride the Treasury's last financing of 1938, slated for mid-December. Another borrowing is anticipated for March, 1939, another for June, September, and a year from now. This short-term debt the Government has created is burdensome, even if not so dangerous as Administration critics insist. And for the free riders, that is a perfect setup.

Hands Across the Equator

(continued from page 38)

to trade-agreement countries gained 14 per cent over 1935 and gained only 4 per cent to other countries. During 1937 exports to states with trade agreements increased 44 per cent over 1936 and only 33 per cent to other countries. Imports from the respective groups of nations showed commensurable increases in both years.

To further strengthen United States trade against barter and subsidized competition, the Export-Import Bank in Washington has become active.

Through the extension of easy credits, in effect a semi-subsidy, the bank recently financed a five-million-dollar public-works program in Haiti employing United States materials, financed the sale of locomotives to Chilean railroads, and is now negotiating for the sale of twenty million dollars' worth of railroad equipment to Brazil.

Indicative of Latin America's reception of the new attitude of the United States is the fact that the Dominican Republic and Colombia recently made a joint proposal for the formation of an American League of Nations. This plan for a union of all the Americas for their mutual welfare will be discussed at the eighth Pan-American Conference, meeting at Lima this December.

VII

THE ideological penetration of Latin America that accompanied the German-Italian trade campaign has disturbed the War, Navy, and State Departments.

There is always the fear that Nazi-Fascist-inspired revolutions in some of the republics might lay their natural resources open to the totalitarian states, putting potential enemy outposts right in our back yard.

That the United States might become involved in war defending Latin America under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine is no imaginary threat.

Admiral William Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations, testified in January before a Congressional Committee on the billion-dollar increase in our navy: "At our doors nothing stands in the way of the possible exploitation or seizure of the republics of Central and South America except the Monroe Doctrine, backed by such naval forces as the United States may have and the use of that force if necessity should arise." He further said we must be prepared to defend that quarter from any combination of powers whatever.

To strengthen United States military prestige in Latin America and offset the effect of such events as the transatlantic flight of Bruno Mussolini to Brazil from Italy, the Army this spring sent its huge "flying fortress" planes on flights to Argentina and Colombia. The impressive airplane carrier *Enterprise* is now at Rio de Janeiro. The airplane carrier *Ranger* called at Lima, and seventy-eight planes flew in mass formations over the city in September, 1937, to put completely in the shade the maneuvers of ten Italian planes.

These demonstrations help cement diplomatic ties by convincing the Americas that the United States is a good neighbor worth having in such troublous times. And the United States is happy to have friends instead of enemies residing next door. U. S. Army officers are sent regularly to these republics to train their fliers. A corollary is that United States companies sold ten million dollars' worth of airplanes and aircraft equipment in Latin America last year.

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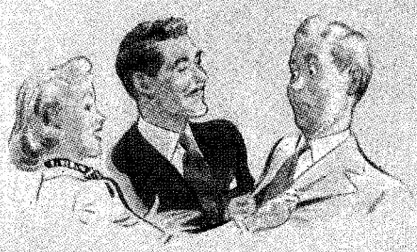
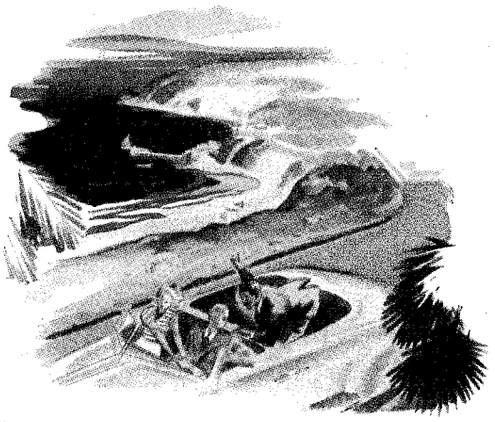
Why don't you tell what SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *is really like?*

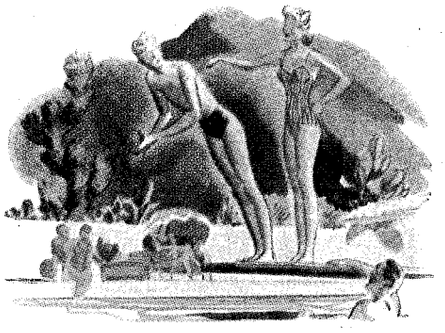




1

"These things you talk about . . . climate, seashore, desert, snow peaks, orange groves . . . they're not the Southern California *we* know. They're perfectly swell. Tops, in fact. But—"

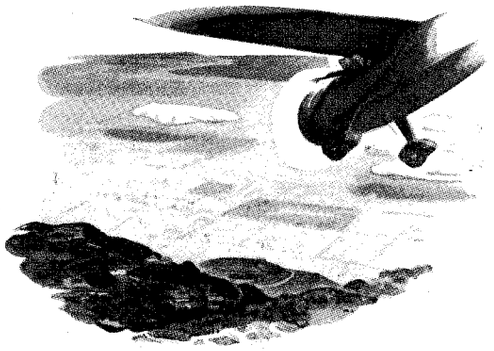
"But what? What more do you want?"



2

"We didn't want anything more when we first came. Basking in the sun, golf, sailing, the races, all kinds of places to visit . . . but as we started going around we began to sense something different here. Something in the air—"

"Ah, the scent of orange blossoms?"



3

"Come, come. No, I mean an atmosphere, something electric, youthful, *creative.* The place is so much more than a resort. Los Angeles . . . bigger than Rome . . . stretching from the mountains to the sea. Fifty other cities clustered around it. Everywhere you turn, something interesting going on . . . Max Reinhardt's festivals . . . that new 200-inch telescope . . . Your famous costumers setting new fashions for Paris . . . Your great airplane factories, oil wells, tuna fleets—"

"Say, maybe we've got something here."

4

"And then there are your movie stars, your previews, your Hollywood premieres . . . Your symphony orchestra conducted by the great Klemperer . . . Your big radio shows. Isn't Los Angeles today the biggest seaport on either side of the Pacific? And haven't you almost got a corner on America's famous writers, musicians, columnists and wits? . . . Yes, my friend, you *have* got something here. A world of your own . . . exciting, eager, gay. I feel better, *younger* here . . . It's the most stimulating vacation land I know."

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don herold examines:

hitler

The thing I dislike most about Hitler is that he is an ugly ornament in our little world. I don't know that his morals are much worse than those of any other national leader, but his mien and manners are rude, coarse, and uncouth. He is not a beautiful thing to look upon, nor yet a sweet thing to listen to. He grates.

These cracks go, too, for Mussolini. He, also, is piglike in manners and mien, and his humorless and bloated posturings are one of the sad sights of our present-day world. Hitler and Mussolini are just not nice people to have around.

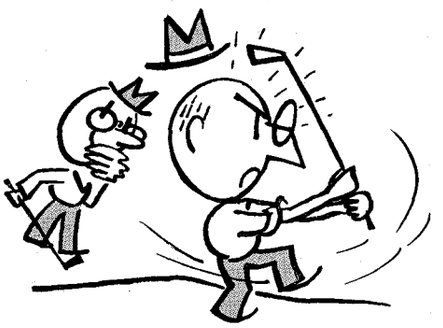
I'd like to like Germany. I like German cleanliness and order and recognition of facts. In a trip through Europe several years ago, I enjoyed the efficiency of German hotels and the intelligence of their hotel help, the immaculateness of their streets, the mellow voices of German women. But their statues and their public buildings were ugly. The Germans have yet to learn grace in art and they have yet to learn humor. A people with a real love of beauty and a sense of humor would never tolerate Hitler.

Whatever we may think of our own Mr. Roosevelt, we can at least be thankful that he is a pleasant person. He may be ruining us, but I believe we're better off ruined by Roosevelt than we would be redeemed by a Hitler.

I just hate to see vulgarians in the saddle. I am glad that the influence of Mr. Hearst is about over, because he has been a vulgar note in American life. I shall be glad when the days of Hitler and Mussolini are over and I shall never have to look again upon their ugly mugs in the newsreels or in the papers. Thank God for Ronald Colman and Mickey Mouse!

fourth flight

I am still practically the worst golfer at our little Echo Lake Club. (Even Westbrook Pegler could beat me if he were a member.) I did beat Dr. Turner in our little season-end tournament, but only because the doctor was still feeling the stitches of his last-winter's operation. Then Dr. Richards beat me and



that made me runner-up in the humiliated fours of the fourth flight, or something like that. I got a letter opener as a prize.

I rather liked our fourth flight. Some of the best people at Echo Lake were in the fourth flight, and some of the best (as well as, I must admit, some of the worst) minds. We were at least a comfortable set down there—under very little nervous strain, with no blood in our eyes, and in no danger of getting one of the larger atrocities which go to the big winners, such as a Gargantuan silver cup or a gorgeous parlor lamp.

I never spent a pleasanter day at golf in my life than that I had with Dr. Turner, a professor of philosophy in an Eastern university. Our struggle was a contest of indifference, relieved by modest elation if the gods sent us any fair-to-middlin' shots. To passers-by I said that it was a battle of Titans and explained that "we tighten up on every shot." We spoke of ourselves as fighting for the championship of Macy's Basement. It was sheer carelessness on my part that I won from the doctor. I shall be sad when my golf improves and I rise to the upper flights and grow grim about my score. I have a disquieting suspicion that I wouldn't like the people as well, up there on the higher planes.

I rather hate to see the youngsters of Echo Lake imbued with the idea that the top flights in any of our sports there are a whale of a lot better than the bottom flights. You don't, for one thing, get any Dr. John Turners in your top flights. You get some good athletes, but good athletes are pretty apt to be dull company.

and commuters

I don't like commuters.

They're always looking at their watches. They're always breaking up parties, and rushing through engagements, and spoiling third acts with their frantic departures.

They come to your house for dinner and, before the soup course is over, they start to worry about trains. They have timetable indigestion.

They ruin life for everybody in New York City. They arrive at their offices at 10 A.M., go to lunch from 12 to 3, and spend the next two hours standing up at their desks, trying to figure how to catch the 5:15. This shortens the New York business day to about two hours.

I have water on both knees, caused by injuries by commuters leaving theaters in the middle of third acts.

They bring the winter gloom of the country into the neon sparkle of city life.

They have settled down to raise babies and pay off mortgages and miss trains. I prefer the unscheduled relaxation and irresponsibility of city life.

Not that I like the city. I hate it.

But I prefer city life to the strained, artificial life of the suburbs. I even prefer to raise my babies in the city. City babies are *aired;* suburban babies are *exposed.*

A suburbanite has neither the courage to stay in the city nor to move to the real country. He is an in-betweener, a compromiser, a geographical hermaphrodite.

I wouldn't care what he was, if he didn't keep watching the clock in my presence—if he didn't keep going home. I don't believe in ever going home.

And I don't like commuters.

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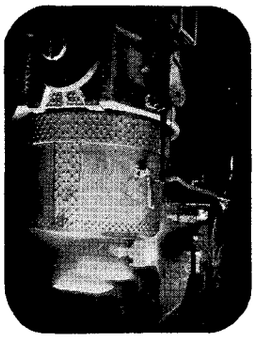

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Once again Bethlehem Steel Company sets down ten simple questions contrived to quiz your knowledge of steel, steel-makers and steel-making. No inside information on the subject is necessary, since the majority of the alternatives to the correct answer are taken from your general fund of facts.

Score 10 for each correct answer—40 is a good average, 70 should earn you the respect of all and sundry and, if you score 100, you may blandly let your astounded audience assume that the intricacies of steel manufacture are abecedarian to you.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Quiz will be found on page 59.

1. Only one of the following sentences is correct. Can you spot it?

(*a*) *George Pocock, the famous boat-designer, was the first to use streamlining on the superstructure of a large ocean-liner.*
(*b*) *Two men, Tyrus Cobb and George H. Sisler, first developed a zinc roofing material with a steel base.*
(*c*) *The rivet heater heated the rivet and tossed it, with tongs, to the riveter above him.*
(*d*) *The steel sheets were first pickled in vinegar, then plated with tin.*

2. One of these cities is *not* a steel center.

(*a*) *Baltimore* (*b*) *Buffalo* (*c*) *Birmingham* (*d*) *Indianapolis* (*e*) *San Francisco*

3. A Reinforcing Bar may sound like a place to get a refreshing drink after a day spent Christmas shopping, but it is really a long rod used by the building trade for one of the following purposes:

(*a*) *As an anchor between parallel brick walls to prevent bulging.*
(*b*) *Set between angles of a gable roof to relieve stress.*
(*c*) *To support a stairway and eliminate sagging.*
(*d*) *Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it.*

4. Which one of these simple steel contrivances is an important outlet for wire?

(*a*) *eggbeater* (*b*) *dishpan* (*c*) *double-boiler* (*d*) *paper clip* (*e*) *doorknob*

5. You may not realize how inexpensive standard grades of steel are. Actually, they cost less than half as much per pound as all but one of these:

(*a*) *aluminum* (*c*) *milk* (*e*) *shoes*
(*b*) *butter* (*d*) *book paper* (*f*) *cotton*

6. In Bethlehem Steel Company's new rod mill, the red-hot rods, being rolled to size, pass through the rollers at a maximum speed of:

(*a*) *3 miles per hour* (*c*) *27 miles per hour*
(*b*) *12 miles per hour* (*d*) *46 miles per hour*

7. "Dardelet" is the name of:

(*a*) *The latest French coiffure.*
(*b*) *A new type of lastex infants' wear.*
(*c*) *The swing-anthem of Middlewestern jitterbugs.*
(*d*) *A self-locking threaded fastening, used where vibration is likely to occur.*

8. While "work-hardness" has nothing to do with excessive labor, it is a term used to describe:

(*a*) *The effect of exercise on the muscles of an overtrained athlete.*
(*b*) *A method of rapidly setting concrete.*
(*c*) *Hardness developed in metal resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold working.*
(*d*) *Epidermal friction which results in callouses.*

9. Iron ore, commonly brick-red in color, which is mined and used in making iron and steel, is similar in its composition to one of the following substances:

(*a*) *lignite* (*b*) *coal* (*c*) *iron rust* (*d*) *shale*

10. What large steel producer has been making alloy steels longer than any other American company?

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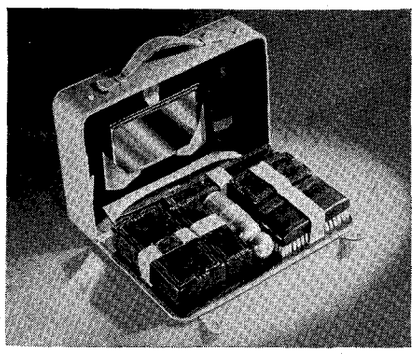
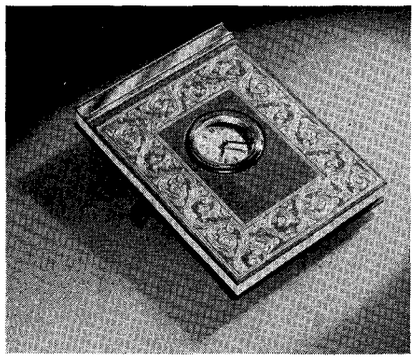
FOR THE MEN
ON YOUR LIST





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Edward R. Murrow

(continued from page 11)

Churchill on the telephone. That was not the way it was done; Mr. Murrow should drop Mr. Churchill a polite note and suggest an appointment to discuss the matter. Murrow brushed her well-bred remonstrances aside, put through the call, had Churchill on the phone almost immediately, and closed the matter there and then.

Perhaps Murrow's most spectacular arrangement was with Premier Daladier last April. Going to the very top, he secured permission to broadcast the Maginot Line. Apparently no newspaperman had ever been allowed down into the cement-and-steel monster which is twelve stories deep. Murrow was warned not to mention the town nearest his point of entrance, the number or identity of regiments, and a few other military prohibitions, but otherwise he said what he wanted and described what he saw.

VI

Just before the Maginot-Line broadcast Murrow was testing his connection with Columbia in New York. A French colonel watched in fascination as Murrow talked freely with the master control panel on Madison Avenue. Finally, a French-speaking Columbia engineer was put on the line, and the colonel had a two-way conversation with him. The French officer was absolutely delighted. He brightened and remarked: "Ah, if war comes, I can sit in New York and command my regiment by radio!"

Murrow's broadcast from the Maginot Line was of questionable wisdom, in the opinion of NBC. It was, they admit, showmanship—but at the risk of antagonizing one country by glorifying the military might of another. A radio network must be cautious. Murrow wasn't making an entente between Columbia and Berlin any more likely by publicizing the subway system of the French Army.

"Now our way of doing things is better," an NBC spokesman declared. "We arranged a salute between West Point and the French military college at St. Cyr. Nobody could object to this."

"Did you think of doing a broadcast from the Maginot Line?"

"No, but . . ."

There was also the Columbia broadcast by Murrow's assistant, Bill Shirer, of Czechoslovakian army maneuvers at Milovice, on July 31. This was likewise typical of a brand of enterprise which NBC professes to deplore as a case of leading with the chin.

Murrow knows as well as anyone that discretion is a necessity in broadcasting from Europe. He recognized that a network must keep itself *persona grata* with the chancellories if it is to avoid being hamstrung and helpless in emergencies. Murrow and Columbia are as realistic as NBC. But the promptings of enterprise are presumably stronger and they are tempted more frequently in the direction of the spectacular. Fred Bate, for example, definitely soft-pedaled the whole Czechoslovakian crisis until Chamberlain's first visit to Hitler was actually announced and the fireworks were beginning.

Great and grave responsibility rests upon Murrow. At thirty-three he must deal with the nations of a tense and hate-pocked continent, retaining his freedom of action and speech without forgetting there will be other days and new needs for co-operation. For his years he has an imposing front, his manner is nonabrasive. If he's no favorite in Germany, that's not his fault.

The democracies are more polite about what they will not tolerate, but Murrow knows, as all his contemporaries also know, that each nation has its own points of sensitivity. To prod a nation clumsily on a sore spot would bring unwelcome reactions. The British were very sensitive about the abdication of their king and not at all sure that Americans should enjoy unlimited liberty. It was felt then that American journalism and American radio might well behave in a way that national dignity could not overlook. When Cæsar Saerchinger made his first talk to America, the British Government placed an observer in the broadcasting studio. This was unprecedented. The observer said nothing, made no effort to influence Saerchinger, never came again for subsequent broadcasts. But he served as an eloquent reminder, and his presence as an eavesdropper was presumed thereafter.

When the rebel Church of England cleric, Jardine, came to America for a lecture tour (that was a terrific flop),

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WILL OUR ROOMS be comfortable, colorful, airy . . . the kind we'd like to see at the end of a tiring day? Have they a private bath? . . *YES INDEED!*

WILL OUR SURROUNDINGS be attractive so that we can take pride in entertaining our friends? . *INDEED YES!*

WILL WE HAVE A CHOICE of restaurants, so we can eat well but simply when we're short, and on the grand scale when we're flush? . . . *YES INDEED!*

HOW ABOUT CONVENIENCE? Are transportation facilities right at our door? Can we walk to theatres, museums, smart shops? . . . *INDEED YES!*

PHYSICAL WELL-BEING is important to us. Do you have a gym and a swimming pool? A roof garden where we can get sun and exercise? . . *YES INDEED!*

WE WANT RELAXATION too . . . have you a library, a place where we can practice our music? Will we meet new and interesting people? . . . *INDEED YES!*

AND IS ALL THIS WITHIN OUR BUDGET? . . . *YES INDEED!*

MUST WE BE MEMBERS in order to live at the Club? . . . *INDEED NO!*

Our score was perfect. The young women moved right in . . . and now they're enjoying life as only residents of this famous club can. Why don't *you* write today for our attractive booklet?

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sensibilities over the Duke of Windsor's marriage were still raw in Great Britain. Discreet inquiries were made. Did the American networks propose to invite the marrying parson to speak? There was no request actually made, but the very asking of the question was hint enough. He didn't get on either network.

Anecdota about Murrow personally is not yet abundant. His chaste academic associations have produced practically no legends. Professors and colleagues summarize him as a stout chap but never seem to have heard about him doing anything flamboyant, picturesque, or silly. His adventures have all been serious ones. He has never been moved to help hoist a hay wagon to the steeple of the college chapel.

Linguistically, Murrow is not dazzling. His French is capable of digesting Pertinax and the Parisian press. His German and Italian suffice for telephone operators, customs inspectors, and head waiters. He knows enough Spanish to ask for an interpreter.

After repeatedly coming in and going out of Croydon Airport near London, and always having the punctilious British immigration and revenue gentry hold him up for hours, Murrow forgot to be academic and got hopping mad. A burning letter to the British Home Secretary finally produced diplomatic credentials that now allow him to pass in and out of the United Kingdom without repetitious conversations with suspicious inspectors. The latter formerly demanded that he produce receipts proving he wasn't importing neckties illegally.

When one of Europe's periodic emotional benders is finally over, Murrow carries his airplane case and heads for his comfortable London flat where he has a den decorated with Navajo Indian blankets, tokens, tomahawks, and squaw-warmers, and a huge high-powered radio receiver to give him a motorman's holiday in Leipzig, Normandy, Luxemburg, Moscow, and good old Schenectady.

As he turns the key in the lock the maid cries out, "Mrs. Murrow, that man's here again."

Debut in Texas

(continued from page 14)

cial functions with parents or the chauffeur. But a Texas socialite, from her high-school days, is escorted perennially by her boy friends and would remain at home rather than appear at the simplest party without a man in tow.

This custom is observed even on the occasion of her formal presentation and places the girl in the singular position of having to be "dated" for her own debut. Such a practice, like cut-in dancing, is relished by some, but it is a trial for those of doubtful popularity.

When individuals entertain at the smaller affairs of the season, they concern themselves, not only with inviting their guests, but with arranging for their arrival as well. If a girl is not in great demand or is unacquainted in town, the hostess finds her an escort. Each man is notified which of the feminine guests he is expected to bring. This partner he may know well, slightly, or not at all. But the men are obliging and will taxi to the suburbs to call for and return home girls never seen before.

Theoretically, the clubmen, as hosts at the great balls, are similarly considerate of their guests' arrival, but actually they are concerned but little beyond their own individual dates. Less-popular girls must strive for bids to their own debuts as they do to college proms.

On one occasion a girl, richer in bank account than in personal charm, was announced on the debutante list. As the hour of the ball approached and no member had called to invite her as his personal guest, it appeared she was stranded and must postpone her debut until the following year. She telephoned the club president, outlining the situation in a few well-chosen words embroidered with invective to rival Calamity Jane. The president promised a quick solution and dashed off to scout for a stag willing to rescue a damsel in distress. The stag rallied gallantly, telephoned the girl, formally requested a date, ran her downtown in a taxi, and rushed into the ballroom a split second before the announcer reached her name on his prepared list.

Women harassed by the problem of inducing male participation in their entertainments may well ask the secret of engaging such co-operation. It dates back many years and lies, simply enough, in the tact and clinging-vine qualities of Southern women who know

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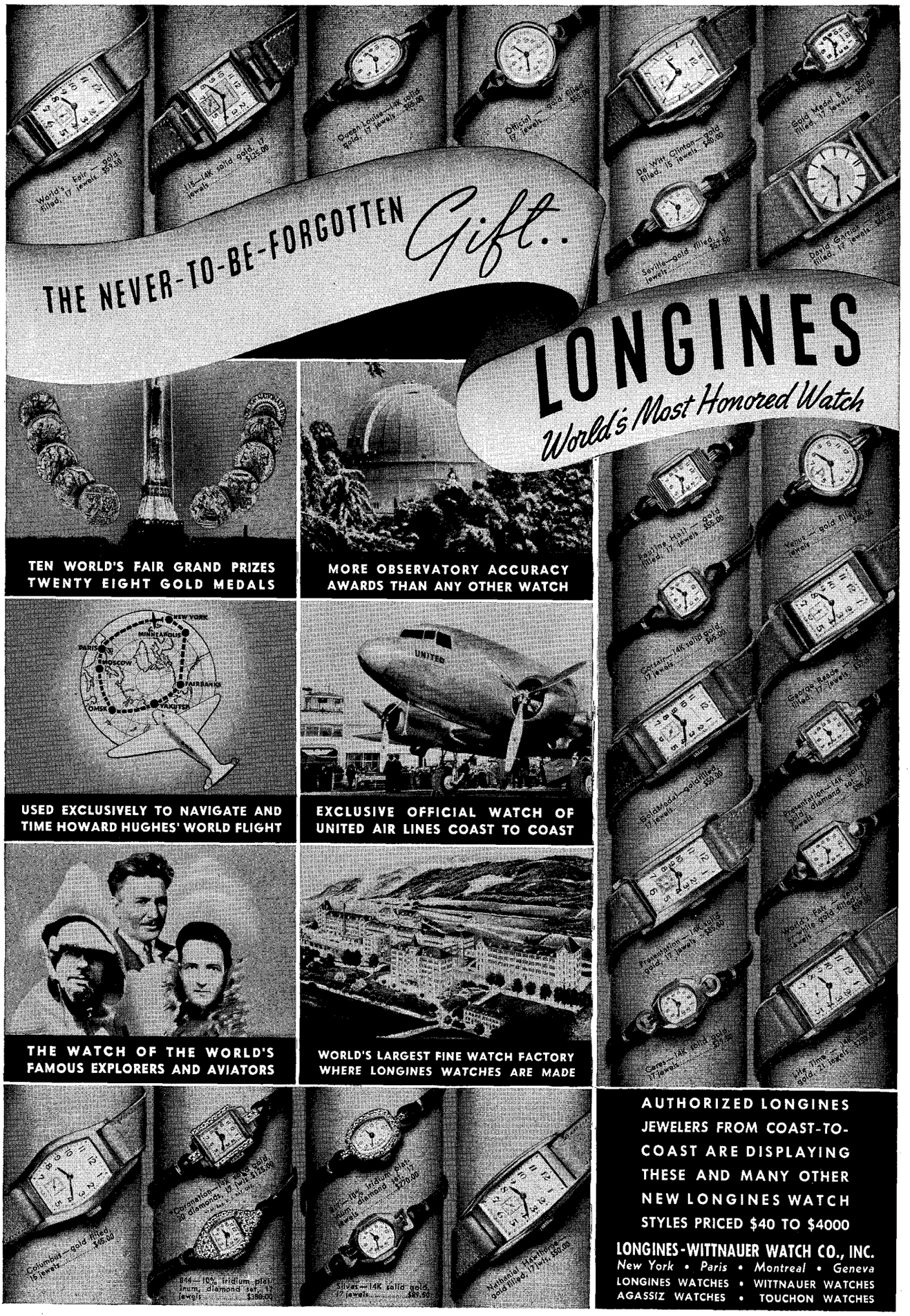
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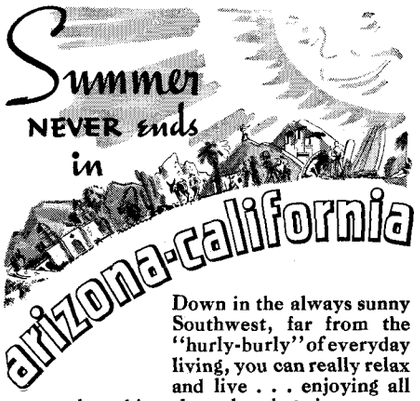

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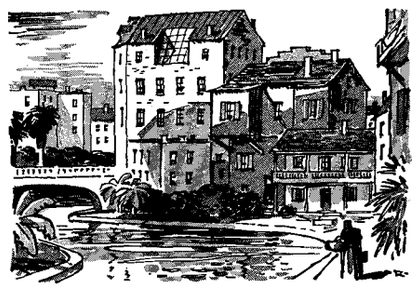

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when to leave well enough alone and to look no gift horses in the mouth.

When trading posts, later to develop into cities, were springing up over this frontier country, the more frivolous aspects of life came in for consideration. Finding unaccustomed leisure on their hands and unfamiliar wealth in their pockets, these rugged pioneers aspired to a social life patterned after the upper classes in the colonies they had abandoned. So the men formed social clubs to sponsor community entertainment.

In Texas the adoption of this custom was ideal to meet a peculiar local need. These frontier homes were too small for large gatherings, and the habit of joint enterprise toward common aims was strong in their lives. The people acted in community spirit for their entertainment as they had banded together to fight Indians and conquer the wilderness. In the town hall or over somebody's general store, they gathered for parties which grew more elaborate with the prosperity of the region.

It was sheer luck that—some years later—young blades of the community had a fanciful notion which was carefully nurtured into permanence. Hearing that in the East there was a custom of presenting young ladies to society as debutantes, a group of Dallas men determined to inject more color into their native social life. They organized the Idlewild Club and planned a grand affair. From their recent inspiration, they named not one, but half a dozen girls just out of a ladies' seminary as their guests of honor and dubbed them debutantes, these to make their appearance in a spectacular climax at midnight.

Soon these imaginative youths had so far outdistanced their contemporaries in feminine favor that rival clubs were speedily organized.

The women were quick to foresee the possibilities. With the diplomacy of their kind, they gave their men a free rein. Better a social life, they reasoned, like a music-hall show with the men avoiding boredom, than formal parties to which the men must be ensnared.

So, appealing to Southern chivalry and Western independence of the sex, the women inveigle the men to fête the girls, planning and executing their parties with whatever dash of theatricalism their taste dictates—and, incidentally, footing the bills.

There Is Still the Night

(continued from page 31)

out, stepped back a little, and brought the back of his hand smack across the guy's mouth. I'm ashamed to tell you how much I liked it. It went *ping*, very satisfyingly, in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't help for the moment identifying that red, pompous face with those Junkers bombers and the dead kids and a lot of other things that Germany has begun to stand for in the world. Bad business, that. I know. Dead wrong. Thomas Mann's a German too. And Einstein. And I didn't know where this guy stood. But I'm not telling you what I'd liked to have felt. I don't suppose anyone really likes those things about himself that keep him chained, forever apparently, to hatred and war. But I'm not telling you what I'd *liked* to have felt. I'm simply telling you what happened.

I was enjoying it so much in fact that I almost didn't move fast enough to catch the big guy's lumbering swing at Ramon on my left and let him have a right, short but good, on the chin. He went down but I didn't care for the way it felt very much. There was concrete under that padding. I saw the other guy jump off his stool and head toward us on the double and I saw myself lying on the floor next and began to wish that either Ramon or I had missed that boat. Well, it was rather confused there for the next few minutes. I know I swung a couple of times and didn't fall down myself. Then a number of people were crowding around me, there was a lot of gabbling and general agitation. Both Germans were on their feet again and there were a couple of sailors standing in front of them. There was a ship's officer there too, talking alternately to the Germans and Ramon. The kid stood there, quiet, formal and unregenerate. He kept smiling at the officer. "But there was no trouble, sir, I assure you," I heard him say. Both Germans were purple and blustery with rage. But curiously enough their wrath seemed to be directed mostly at Ramon; they appeared to have overlooked the minor detail that it was I who'd knocked them down.

"You *crook*," one of them spluttered at Ramon, "you will answer for this."

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The kid snapped at that like a cat making a pass at a rubber ball.

"With pleasure," he said. He turned to me. "You will act for me, Steve. Any arrangements you make will be satisfactory. We dock at Balboa tomorrow."

I saw the heavy-set guy's face change color. I don't think that was the kind of answering for he'd reckoned with. It had both of them worried, I could see that. The sailors began herding them gently toward the door and they let themselves be pushed. Finally we were standing there alone again.

"This is where we came in, isn't it?" I said.

He laughed, then his face grew sober and he took my hand in both of his. "You are my friend, Steve," he said. "I will not forget it."

"Oh, yes you will," I said hastily. "You're going to forget the whole thing, right now."

He drew back a little. "You mean you will not act for me, Steve?"

"Listen," I said. "A joke's a joke. I acted for you once and I'm damn glad to have got away with it. That big guy's got a jaw like a granite slab. Come on now, will you? Be a good boy, and forget about it. Haven't you had enough?"

His face had set in a certain kind of expression I'd seen before; he looked as reasonable as a post. "You heard what that fat pig said. He wishes satisfaction. I will give it to him."

"Zounds!" I couldn't forego the luxury. "Spoken like a true daughter of Spain."

He began to get that polite faraway look on his face again. He was drawing himself up for another speech when Kay walked in. That stopped him. She wanted to know what all the excitement was about, and we took her over to a table and told her—as much as we thought she ought to know. Then we told about a dozen other people who kept trooping over, wanting to know what all the rumpus had been about. Ramon kept jumping up every time anyone came up, bowing and smiling, distilling that aura of indefinably harrowed reserve that gave me a wrench inside, every time I let it get to me. Kay kept looking at him with a kind of worried, maternal look, as if she was wondering if she ought to get him a cold compress or something. And I began to feel very fed up. All of a sudden.

"Look," I said to Ramon when we were alone for a minute, "will you do me a favor and quit jumping up and down like a trained flea? You know all these people and they know you. Sit still. You're making me seasick."

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He flushed slightly at that but he didn't say anything, just sat looking at his glass, moving it around a little. But I couldn't let it rest there. I was feeling very lousy all at once.

"As if it really means anything—all that bowing and scraping," I said. "Just let one of these people you're being so damn polite and charming to say *boo* to you in the wrong key and you'll be all for pulling out your tin sword and defending the honor of your illustrious and murderous ancestors."

He jumped up. "Listen, Steve. I appreciate what you have done for me tonight. I am in your debt. Please don't make me forget it."

I slumped down in my chair and waved my hand at him, tiredly. "Go ahead and forget it," I said. "I'd have done the same for a Turk."

"Steve," Kay said. "Please."

"Sure," I said. "Why not? We might as well fight a duel too. We'll find a reason easy enough, I don't doubt." He was looking at me with cold fire in his eyes. I yawned. "The only thing I'm worried about," I said, "is what we are going to do for sand."

He stared at me.

"You know. For the blood," I said. "You can't fight a duel without sand. It's not cricket. Too gummy."

I saw the color mount darkly in his cheeks. "There will be plenty of sand in Balboa," he said. He looked at me steadily for a moment with those cold-fire eyes, then turned to Kay. "I'm sorry, Kay. I did not wish to trouble you with this . . ." He bowed and walked off.

"Just like a book," I said. "The kind that sells for a dime."

"Steve! He's not really going to fight a duel?"

"Oh yes he is, if I know my Latin. Vindictive bastards. Unless that German guy backs down. . . . I'd like to see it anyway. Probably have to be with meat axes or something like that. The German's got choice of weapons, if I remember my Montesquieu."

"But, Steve. This is no joke. He mustn't. We mustn't let him."

I shrugged. "All right. Stop him. You're the only one who can."

She looked after him with that "poor child" look in her eyes. I looked at my glass. "It was a little unnecessary, wasn't it, Steve?" she said in a moment. "Your going for him that way?"

I gave my glass a shove. "Maybe. But I'm entitled to blow off steam sometime too. Unfortunately, I can't do it by going around and glowering at people and challenging them to duels. It's my cursed ancestors, I suppose. They were Quakers." I got up. "I'm going to get closer to the bar," I said. "No point putting an unnecessary gulf between yourself and salvation. Coming along?"

She looked at me with some indefinable expression in those strange, green eyes of hers. Then she shook her head. "I'm going to bed. And I think you ought to too, Steve. We could all do with more rest, I'm thinking. Seems to me we've been acting pretty jangled, lately."

VI

I couldn't sleep, thinking about that fool kid. Finally, about one thirty, I got dressed again and went around to his cabin. He answered my knock right away, almost as if he'd been hoping someone might knock. He was still dressed and looked pretty rumpled. There was a bottle of that more-than-a-hundred-years brandy on the dresser, alongside the little Madonna. The thought popped absurdly into my head: *Adversity maketh strange bedfellows.*

"Sorry about the way I jumped on you, kid," I said. "It was pretty uncalled for, I guess." It gave me a wrench to see how grateful he looked.

"It was my fault, Steve," he said in a low tone. Alphonse and Gaston now. I began to feel kind of foolish. "Then we can forget about dueling that pork packer?"

"Yes, Steve," he said solemnly, "I will not fight him."

"Good," I said. "No more duels at dawn."

He smiled and then his face went serious. "It will not happen again," he said. "I have made a vow. No more quarrels save with the true enemies of my people."

I stared at him. No more quarrels save with the true enemies of his people! It didn't seem possible. He'd pulled some lulus on me before, but this was almost too good to be true. Still, there he stood, pale and serious as a deacon. Something struck me all at once.

"Hey," I said. "Are you going to Spain, Ramon? Is that what—" I didn't have to ask any more. I could tell from the expression on his face. I went over and sat on the bed and bounced a little. So that's what those eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-tomorrow-we-die invocations had been about.

"Well," I said. "Here we are with another occasion on our hands."

He caught on and his face broke into that swell kid's grin. "*Si.* And fortunately there is some of the brandy left." He turned to get the bottle from the dresser. I looked at the little Madonna. She

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looked very sweet in the half-light. And a shade prim, I thought, alongside the bottle and glasses.

I stood up when he handed me my drink. "To us, Ramon. To our birthdays," I remembered. "May we both reach them."

He looked at me.

"Uh huh," I said. "Me too."

The grin faded from his face and he took half a step backward. "With—?"

I couldn't help laughing. "With the Madrilenos, you rummy. Who do you think an American would fight for? Franco? Hitler?"

"Hermano," he said. It was very solemn. He raised his glass after a moment. "To Spain," he said. "And victory for the Spanish people. And to you, *hermano. Con Dios.*"

"Con Dios," I echoed. *Great and small,* I thought. He counteth them, every one . . . But I looked at the dresser and tipped up my glass to the little Lady who sheds the tears while the Lord just counteth, as they fall.

VII

We docked in Balboa next morning. I was just stepping onto the gangplank when I heard Kay call. I turned around. She came up in a white sport dress and a green handkerchief tied around her hair. She looked like an overgrown kid. "Weren't you planning on taking me ashore, Steve?"

"I thought you might be kind of fed up with me after last night," I said.

"But why, Steve? You were lovely. So . . . angry with the world." She laughed suddenly.

"What's funny?"

"I was thinking about what you said. About the sand . . ." Her eyes changed their expression. "You *were* a bit rough on him though, weren't you, Steve?"

"I suppose so. I wasn't feeling very sweet and tender."

"I know. It's too bad, sort of. He admires you so much."

"Sure."

"He does," she insisted. "He thinks you're quite wonderful. Really."

It's ridiculous how it made me feel. I tried not to let it, but I saw from the way she looked at me that it had showed in my face for a moment.

"You're always fighting *something,* inside, aren't you, Steve?"

I looked at her. "Uh huh. Acidosis. How is the young Señor anyway? Still bellicose?" I knew, but I didn't know how much he wanted her to know.

She shook her head. "Very much chastened," she said. "He's promised to behave."

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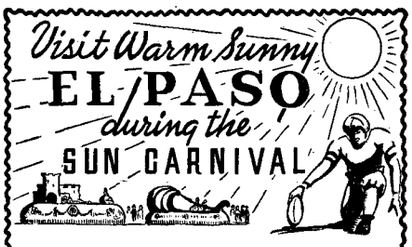

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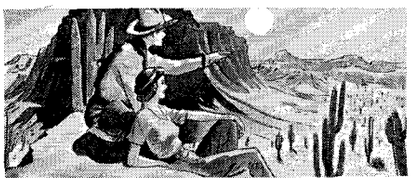

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"Good. Shall we ask him to come along?" It was my good deed for the day. But she'd anticipated me. "He's going to stay aboard."

"And commune some more with the little Madonna, I suppose."

"Possibly." She looked at me and shook her head. "You oughtn't fight what you feel about that kind of . . . purity, Steve. That's one thing you oughtn't fight."

"No?"

"No. You ought to accept it . . . as a kind of responsibility. To yourself too."

I looked away from those strange colored eyes. "How much do you know about me, Kay?"

"Almost everything, I think."

"Everything?"

"Mm hm."

"And how much of it do you like?"

"Everything."

It sure looked like my big day, all at once. "Come on," I said. I took her arm. She held back. "Will you make it up with him?" she said. "He's just a boy, Steve. And he admires you so much and . . . he's rather mixed up right now . . . You know . . ."

"I know," I said. "But I'm a little ahead of you. I made it up with him last night."

She stared at me for a minute, then gave her head a shake. "You're wonderful, Steve."

"You're telling me," I said. "Come on." I almost ran with her down the gangplank.

We stopped for a bite somewhere. I forget where. I forget what we ate. I forget what we talked about. Nothing important, you can be sure; nothing of what I was feeling—and maybe she too. Funny. You can always find so many words when you're feeling mean and lousy about the world. But when the wonder comes up in you, you're dumb. You just sit and look at it—almost as if you were afraid to say anything and spoil it. Or else you wisecrack, for fear somebody's liable to think you're really being moved by something. . . .

I think I talked about myself some, after a while. I know I showed her the picture of Rex that I've carried around in my wallet for I don't know how many years. I'm in the picture too—what there was of me in those days; I was about nine—and there's a view of the ancestral hovel in the background. Kay kept looking at the picture, held on to it when I wanted to put it back in my wallet. She didn't say anything about it though, and I was glad.

There was a view of the sea, I remember, very blue and quiet and limitless. I can still feel something of that now, of us sitting there, our few words somehow catching the sense of gleaming and quiet out there on the water, and what we were feeling about being alive there, together, talking. Even now I can close my eyes and feel time dissolve about me as it did that day; I can almost believe that there is no ship waiting to take us toward those separate destinations for which we'd started years before; that soon, soon, I will turn to her and say, "Look Kay, why don't we go to Paris this summer, or Bali?"

It was long after midnight when we got back to the ship, but we were both wide awake. We went up on deck for a smoke. Those crystal stars and that preposterous yellow moon were still there, a stone's throw off the bow.

I gave Kay a cigarette and held the lighter, and for a moment there was that face of hers, narrow and shadowed, bent over it. She leaned over the rail. I heard her draw in her breath.

"It's been such a marvelous day, Steve. Hasn't it?"

I didn't look at her. I was having enough trouble, suddenly, staying this side of that yellow moon and that sea of satin and silver going out to meet the stars.

"What are you thinking about?" she said.

I was thinking that somewhere in New York there was a smug bastard who'd had this for seven years, who was used to it, or so sure of it, that he could let her go away from him for months at a time.

"Wondering," I said, after a minute.

"What?"

"What I was doing seven years ago."

I could feel her eyes on me and I wanted to turn and look at them. I had a feeling there might just possibly be something there I'd want to see. But I didn't turn. I kept looking out over the rail. . . . After a moment I heard her say, "You're going to Spain, aren't you, Steve?"

I turned around at that, all the way, and looked at her.

"I'm sorry if it was supposed to be a secret," she said.

"It's not a secret. Just a little oofty megoofty for the authorities. Nobody really gives a damn." I turned back to the rail. "Anyway, if it *were* a secret, it wouldn't be for you." I kept my eyes out there, away from her face. "How'd you find out?" I asked.

"You're not specially careful. You've some papers in your wallet and they were all over the table this afternoon

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when you were showing me that picture of you and Rex. You were such a little boy then, standing there with your dog. And now you're going off to fight . . ."

All my life, I was thinking idiotically. All my life I've been wanting to show that picture to someone and say, "Here. This boy, this dog . . . and you. They belong together. All the rest is rubbish, see . . ." I kept my eyes glued overboard, trying to find something out there that would keep me from falling on my face in another minute.

"Why are you going, Steve?" she said.

"To shoot Fascists," I said.

I saw the sharp movement she made, turning away.

"Why'd you do that?" I asked.

"Because it isn't any good, that way."

"What isn't any good? Fire and blood? They're the only good things left. Maybe when they've gone over and everything's bare and clean, it'll all come up again, different, straighter next time."

She was shaking her head. "Why haven't you the courage to say you're going to fight because you believe in something so hard that you're ready to die for it? Are you afraid somebody may suspect you capable of some real feeling? Why must you make war something even worse, more stupid than it is? If you said at least that you were going to fight for democracy—"

"You've got your dates mixed," I said. "They died for democracy twenty years ago. Ten million of them. Not me. I'm still going to shoot Fascists."

"Steve, Steve," she said.

"Sure. 'Steve' . . . Are they any less dead, those others, because they died for democracy?"

"I don't know. But it's not *they*. It's you. Don't you see? You—of all people. You don't hate people. You're all knotted up with love and pity and anger for them. Because you want them to be better than they are, and life to be better for them than it is. Why must you pull that down in yourself? Why, Steve?"

There wasn't any fast comeback for that "why." I felt kind of funny just then, listening to her. I don't know quite how to describe it. Panicky, almost.

"Going to shoot Fascists!" she said. "You know you don't mean that, Steve. Why do you say it? It's like a little boy talking, when you talk like that. And not a very bright little boy, or a good little boy—like that darling one in the picture. Just a silly, bitter little boy, doing his bit to keep alive the old terrible fiction of (*continued on page* 75)

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Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 49)

1. (c) The rivet heater formed the rivet and tossed it, with tongs, to the riveter above him.

2. (d) Indianapolis. Each of the other cities is an important steel producing center. Bethlehem Steel Company has plants at Lackawanna, just outside Buffalo and at South San Francisco. The largest Bethlehem Plant is at Sparrows Point, in the outskirts of Baltimore. This is the only major steel plant in this country which is located on tidewater and from which shipments can be made both by rail and by ocean-going vessels.

3. (d) Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it. Reinforcing bars are rolled with accurately-spaced deformations which increase the holding power of the bar and make for a more stable structure.

4. (d) Paper clip. Manufacturers of paper clips are important consumers of certain grades of steel wire.

5. (c) Milk. Selling at 10 or 11 cents a quart, milk costs less than 6 cents per pound. The base price for steel averages approximately 3 cents per pound.

6. (d) 46 miles per hour. When the rods enter the rolls, they travel at less than ¼-mile an hour. From these first rolls the incandescent steel rapidly picks up speed until the maximum of 46 miles per hour is reached in the finishing rolls.

7. (d) A self-locking threaded fastening, used where vibration is likely to occur.

8. (c) Hardness developed in metal resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold-working.

9. (c) Iron rust. The chemical composition of iron rust is virtually identical with that of iron ore.

10. Bethlehem Steel Company has been making fine alloy steels for more than fifty years.

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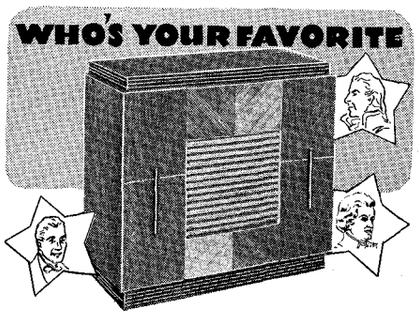

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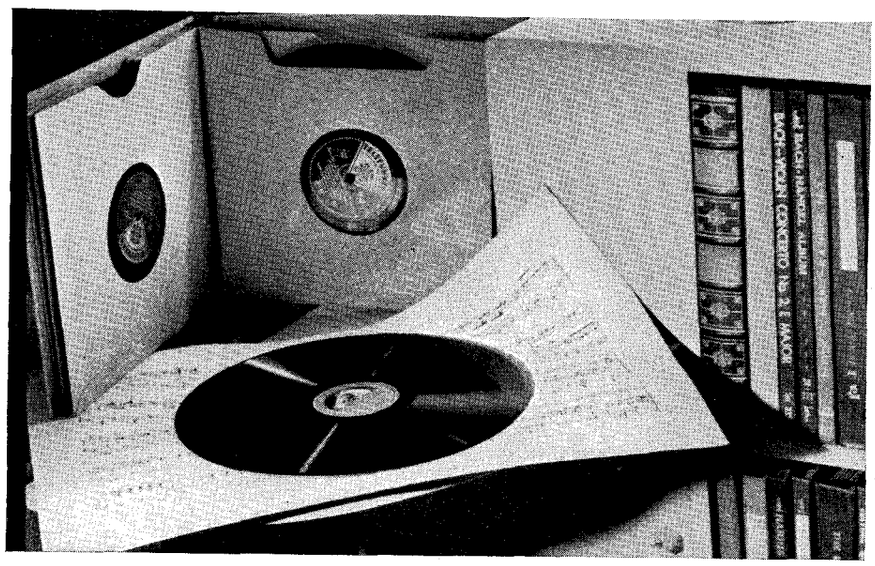

OTTO HESS

Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

NEVER before in the history of the phonograph have the recorders been as prolific as during the past twelve months. The task of selecting the outstanding publications of 1938 is complicated not only by the unprecedented quantity, quality, and variety of twelve monthly releases from a half-dozen companies, but by a last-minute broadside from the most energetic of these, listing more than 270 discs—all of European derivation and featuring, in almost every instance, ideal interpreters of practically unassailable music.

This end-of-the-year survey will attempt to deal with only a very small fraction of the mileage of sound-track contained in thirty-three album sets and thirty-two single records constituting the "Connoisseur's List of Victor Records." The complete list is recommended as an excellent source for records that might happily be given for Christmas, especially to music lovers whose phonograph collections already embrace the more familiar items in the repertoire. It is a veritable outline of music history from songs of the Renaissance (with lute accompaniments), madrigals by Monteverdi, harpsichord pieces by the seventeenth-century masters Champion de Chambonnières, Pachelbel, and Lully, religious music—the great but rarely heard *Third Tenebrae Service for the Wednesday of Holy Week*—by Couperin le Grand; through instrumental and vocal music by Bach and Handel, concertos and symphonies by Mozart and Haydn, string quartets by Boccherini, Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, Dvořák, quintets by Brahms, songs by Schumann, Schubert, Wolf, and Fauré, and piano works of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert; up to modern piano, vocal, and chamber-music compositions by Debussy, Ravel, Malipiero, Prokofieff, Bliss, and Francaix. Also in the list will be found such rare "connoisseur" items as Beethoven's fifth symphony and Dvořák's "From the New World."

The year's outstanding recordings of symphonies are: Mozart's unfailing G minor, vibrantly and unaffectedly interpreted by Sir Thomas Beecham with the London Philharmonic (Columbia set No. 316); Schubert's perennial B minor, "The Unfinished," played by the same conductor and orchestra (Columbia set No. 330); Haydn's *Symphony No. 88 in G,* deeply felt and meticulously read by Arturo Toscanini amid acoustic surroundings (NBC's studio 8H) which are far from perfect but, nevertheless, do not obscure the uncanny precision of the NBC Symphony Orchestra (Victor set No. M-454); also this conductor's incomparable gardening of Beethoven's "Pastorale" symphony, with the BBC Orchestra (Victor set No. M417); Schumann's *Symphony No. 2 in C,* op. 61, skill-

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fully retouched by Eugene Ormandy and magnificently proclaimed by the glowing Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor set No. M448); the venerable Felix Weingartner's lucid and carefully molded Brahms' "fourth," with the London Symphony Orchestra (Columbia set No. 335); and, of more recent vintage, Sibelius' *Symphony No. 5 in E-flat, op. 82,* brilliantly performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Koussevitzky directing, and magnificently recorded (Victor set No. M474). Lucky the recipient of any of these recordings. The last mentioned appears to be, from a single hearing, one of the greatest orchestral recordings of all time.

From an unusually large crop of miscellaneous orchestral recordings, ranging from Offenbach cancans and music of the Ballet Russe to tone poems and overtures by the great masters, it is possible, in the space here, to recall only a few. Beethoven's *Egmont Overture,* played by Felix Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia No. 65195); Berlioz's captivating *Damnation of Faust* excerpts, by Beecham and the London Philharmonic (Columbia set No. X94); Prokofieff's whimsical suite from the movie *Lieutenant Kije,* another superb Koussevitzky performance (Victor set No. M459); Manuel de Falla's three dances from *The Three-Cornered Hat,* by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, directed by Arthur Fiedler (Victor set No. M505); Rimsky-Korsakow's *Le Coq d'Or* suite, by the London Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Goossens (Victor set No. M504); and Stokowski's new symphonic synthesis of excerpts from *Tristan and Isolde—Prelude,* passages from Acts I, II, and III, and *Liebestod*—a slightly longer version than the older transcription of similar fragments (Victor set)—all these are eminently desirable.

In the concerto form, I do not hesitate to recommend Bach's *Concerto in D minor* for two violins, played by Joseph Szigeti and Carl Flesch, with a chamber orchestra, including harpsichord, conducted by Walter Goehr (Columbia set No. X90). William Walton's viola concerto, played by Frederick Riddle and the London Symphony, with the composer conducting, is a splendid selection for modern-music enthusiasts (Decca set No. 8). In spite of an occasional raggedness in the orchestral accompaniment, the recording of Tschaikowsky's *Concerto in B-flat minor* can be recommended because of Egon Petri's effective pianism (Columbia set No. 318). Fritz Kreisler's performance of his own arrangement of the first movement

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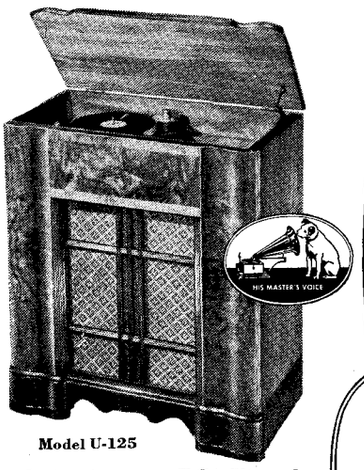

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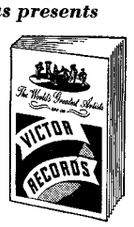

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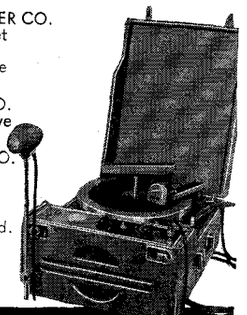

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of Paganini's *Concerto in D,* with the Philadelphia Orchestra, directed by Eugene Ormandy, should be desirable to those who admire dazzling technical display with no loss of lyrical and melodious inventiveness (Victor set No. M361).

The tariff is high but, for the Mozartean, nothing could surpass the complete recording of *Don Giovanni,* performed by the splendid Glyndebourne Opera Company under the direction of Fritz Busch (Victor sets Nos. M423, M424, M425). If this is out of the question, the favor of a Mozart song recital will bring thanks no less fervent, and you can manage it with two discs by Ria Ginster containing *An Chloë, Das Veilchen, Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen verbrannte, Der Zauberer,* and *Abendempfindung* (Victor Nos. 1869 & 14824). Enthusiasts of Italian opera and singing in the grand manner will cherish Jussi Bjoerling's *E lucevan le stelle* from Puccini's *Tosca* and *Ch'ella mi creda libero* from the same composer's *La Fanciulla del West* (Victor No. 4408). And followers of the French school will enjoy Tino Rossi's *Le Rêve* from Massanet's *Manon* (Columbia No. 4185M).

One of the most impressive vocal recordings of the year, Kirsten Flagstad's *Ah, Perfido,* Beethoven's *scena dramatica* for soprano and orchestra, should not be overlooked. Rarely has this artist sung with such superb abandon and fervor, and Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra give her just the support she needs (Victor set No. M439).

For the modernist who leans a little leftwards, there is one unalterable selection: Marc Blitzstein's explosive *The Cradle Will Rock,* recorded by the original Broadway cast, with Blitzstein at the piano (Musicraft set No. 18).

Chamber-music connoisseurs will appreciate almost any of the items in the special list referred to above, particularly the Beethoven quartets, *op. 74,* played by the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set No. M467), and *op. 127* and *op. 132,* played by the Busch Quartet (Victor sets Nos. M489 & M490). If I didn't possess them already I'd like any of the following for Christmas: Mozart's *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings,* played by Benny Goodman and the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set No. M452); Mozart's dramatic *Serenade No. 12 in C* for wood-wind ensemble, performed by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor set No. M433); the beautifully wrought interpretations of Beethoven's sonatas for violin and piano, *op. 24* in F major, and *op. 47* in A major by Simon Goldberg and Lili Krauss (Decca "Beethoven Violin Sonatas, vol.

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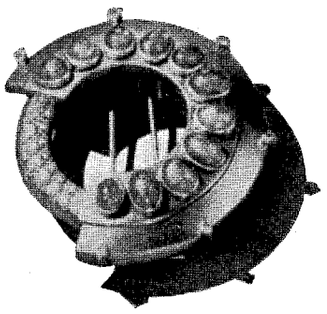

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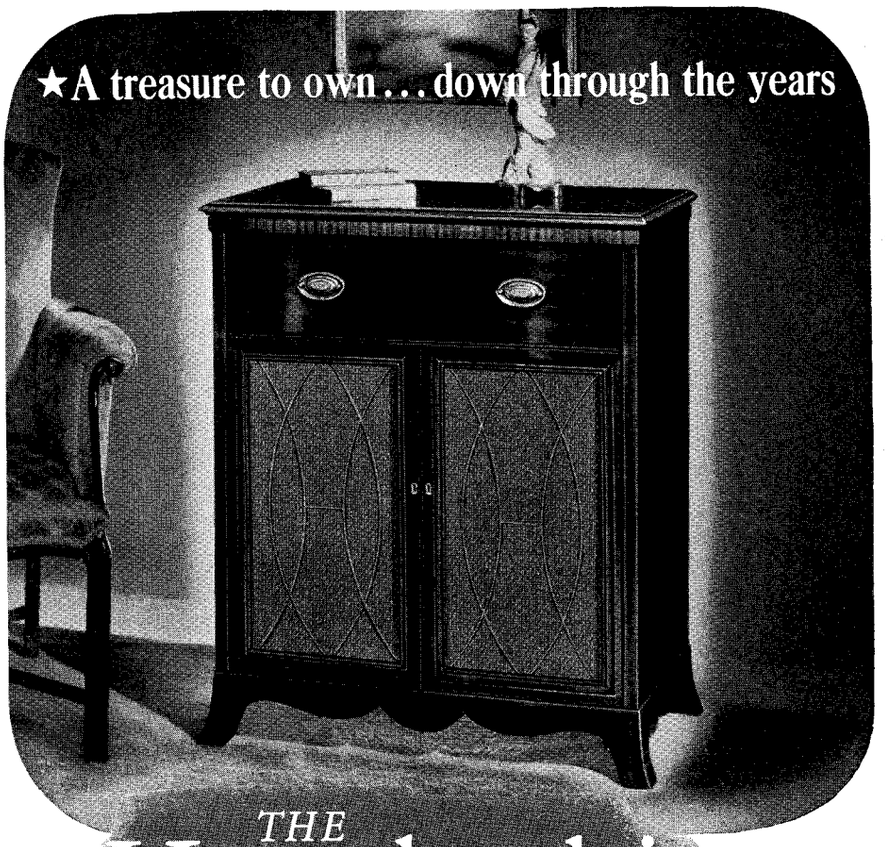
I"); Brahms' *Sonata in D minor, op. 108,* with the unbeatable combination of Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Egon Petri, piano (Columbia set No. 324); and the delightful *Eight Symphonies* of William Boyce, played by the New York Simfonietta (Timely set No. 1K). If I cared for César Franck's music, I would want his *Quintet in F minor,* played by E. Robert Schmitz, piano, and the Roth String Quartet (Columbia set No. 334).

The outstanding organ records are the nine *Chorale-Preludes* of Bach performed on the organ of the Westminster Choir School, an instrument ideal for the music of this composer, and especially suited to the microphone. Under Carl Weinrich's sentient treatment, Bach's music springs to life in all its original and meticulous splendor. I do not hesitate to mark this album as an outstanding contribution of the year regardless of musical classification (Musicraft set No. 22).

The best piano bets are Mozart's *Sonata No. 14 in C minor* (Columbia set No. X93), and a group of Debussy pieces—*Cathédrale engloutie, The Children's Corner, Suite Bergamasque, Soirée dans Grenade, and Reflets dans l'eau* (Columbia set No. 314)—both played by Walter Gieseking; Liszt's flamboyant but impressive *Ballade in B minor,* played by Louis Kentner (Columbia set No. X97); Bach's *Preludes and Fugues* (Nos. 44 to 48 incl.) played by Edwin Fischer (Victor set No. M447); and Chopin's nineteen *Nocturnes,* played by Arthur Rubinstein (Victor sets Nos. M461 & M462). The Fischer album also contains Bach's *English Suite No. 2 in A minor,* performed on the harpsichord by Wanda Landowska. You can't buy the Landowska records separately because the album is a special Bach Society edition, but you can get individual *Nocturnes* from the Chopin sets if you don't want the lot.

*

The best Hot Jazz records of the year, to my taste, are those published by the Hot Record Society, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York: two masters of *Loveless Love,* by Jack Teagarden's Orchestra; *I Never Knew What a Gal Could Do,* by the Original New Orleans Rhythm Kings; *Coal Cart Blues,* by Clarence Williams' Blue Five; *Da Da Strain,* by the Louisiana Rhythm Kings; *Wolverine Blues,* by Benny Goodman's Boys; *Riverboat Shuffle* and *Lazy Daddy,* by Bix Beiderbecke's Wolverine Orchestra; *You're Next* and *Oriental Strut,* by Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five; *Just Too Soon* and *Chicago High Life,* by Earl Hines, piano; and *Tears* and *High Society Rag,* by King Oliver's Jazz Band.



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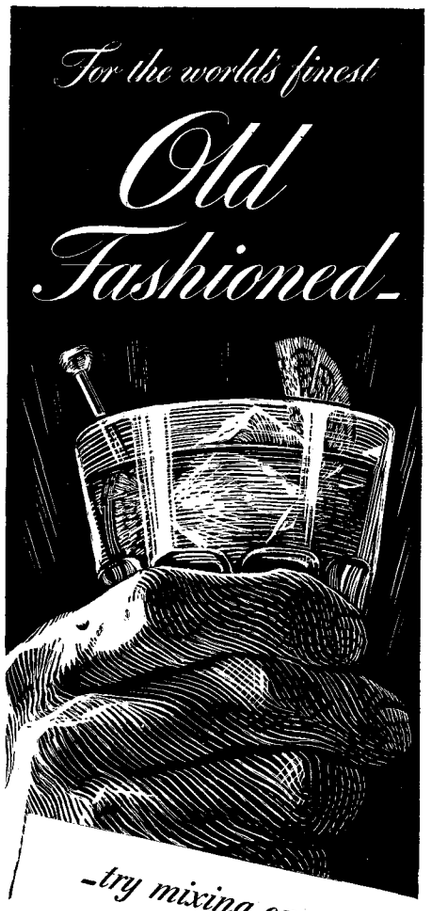

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DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Men's Café, Hotel Cleveland

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

HERE in the holiday season, when most people are thinking what fine liquors they are going to stock up with, I have a letter from Hollywood about food and housewarming. My friend, having acquired a house of his own, wishes to cook a small but perfect supper for a group of six friends who will attend his housewarming during the forthcoming festive season. And all he asks of me is to supply him with a menu of, possibly, two dishes, together with clear and simple instructions for their preparation. "Perhaps Lobster Newburg," he writes, "and perhaps another course." In addition to being easy to prepare, the dishes are to be of the type which may be finished at the table, in a chafing dish, or over an alcohol flame.

Well, our Hollywood reader is in luck, for I am going to present him with the recipes for two marvelous dishes which will answer his purpose to the letter. The first is a preparation of Lobster, not precisely Newburg, but infinitely better, to my way of thinking. It is a succulent dish of lobster, done in a chafing dish with brandy and sherry, which affords an infallible although simple means for amateurs to exhibit their prowess in cooking. The recipe was given to me by André L. Simon, world-famed connoisseur, who secured it from Ambrose Heath, distinguished British writer and authority on good things to eat.

The scene is set in the dining room on your return from the theater. The servants have gone to bed, but on a side table, beside your shining chafing dish, and discreetly veiled from prying eyes, is a lobster, already cooked, a couple of eggs, a jug of cream, a bottle of sherry, a salt shaker and pepper mill, and some paprika and cayenne pepper.

Having been primed beforehand, you will make a pretty start by going yourself for a bottle of brandy. Cut the lobster in half and its flesh into slices. Light the chafing-dish lamp, melt some butter in the pan, put in the slices of lobster, pour over them a liqueur-glassful of brandy, and boldly set it alight. Season the pieces with salt, pepper, and cayenne or paprika, according to the state of your palate, and cook them for a few minutes.

While they are cooking, beat up the yolks of the two eggs with a little cream, adding a dash of sherry, or, if you prefer it, Madeira. Pour this over the lobster pieces and cook and stir very slowly over the lowest possible heat till the sauce is thick. It is then ready to be tasted with excitement and enjoyed with acclamation. And your reputation as an amateur is made.

The second dish for our Hollywood menu sounds simple enough: a veal kidney done in a brandy sauce. Still, when well done, it is a rare epicurean treat. It

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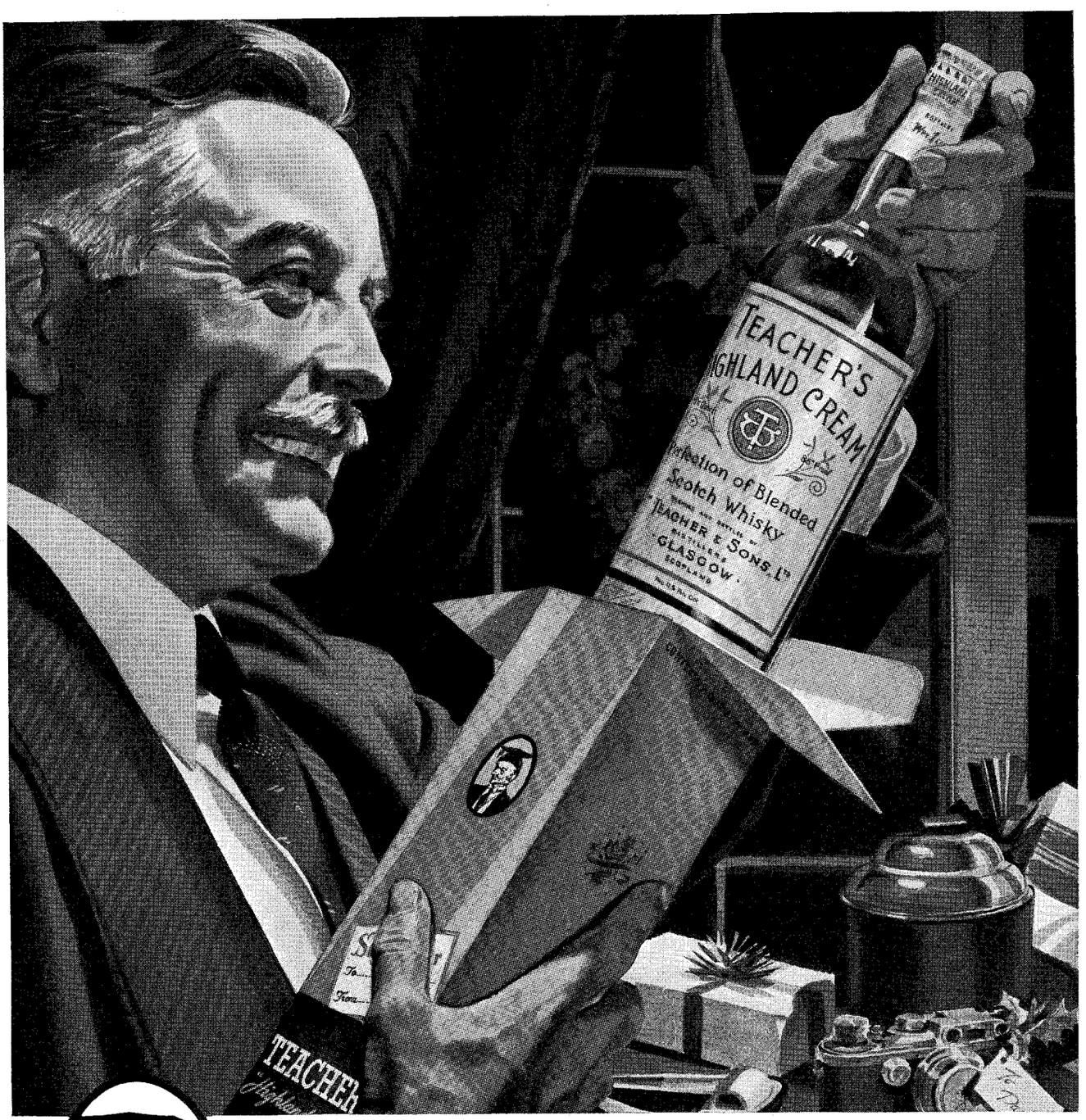

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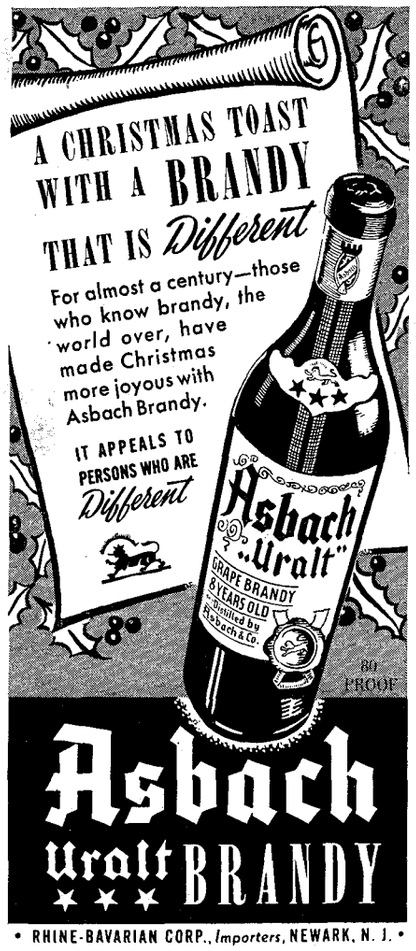
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was cooked for me, for the first time, by Gaston Magrin, executive chef of the S. S. *Normandie,* during the maiden voyage of that great ship. And here is the recipe which the master wrote out for me at the time:

Season a kidney; brown it in butter in a small casserole over a very hot flame. Place the casserole in the oven for about a quarter of an hour, after which the kidney will be ready to be brought to the table, where its preparation should be completed over an alcohol flame in the following manner:

Remove the kidney to a hot plate and cover it; place the casserole over the burner; pour in a glass of brandy and cook until the liquid has been reduced to half the former quantity. During this time, cut the kidney into thin, small slices; season, stir well, and cover with another hot plate.

Add to the brandy which is now ready in the casserole a spoonful of mustard and a tablespoonful of butter cut into very small pieces. Stir well with a fork. Add to the sauce the kidney and any juice which may have gathered; heat without allowing to boil. Taste, and if necessary add more seasoning. Remove from the flame; add the juice of a quarter of a lemon and serve on very hot plates.

With the lobster dish, serve a very dry white wine. With the kidney, a claret. One cocktail before you start will not impair your appetite and nothing served at this dinner will prevent you from enjoying liquors later on, from your glass of brandy with the after-dinner coffee, to the whiskey highballs of late evening.

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As to the two types of water, there is a school which insists that carbonation interferes with the taste of Scotch and that only still water should be used. But let me hasten to say that I do not belong to that school. Scotch and soda it has always been, and Scotch and soda it will always remain.

QUESTION: Do dust and grime on a

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bottle of brandy add anything to the value of the brandy, or, in other words, does brandy improve in the bottle?

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The All-Americas

(continued from page 19)

meaningless in the extreme; but still I eagerly pursue the ridiculous All-Star lists one after the other, and study their idiotic justifications with assiduousness. I feel that the whole procedure is bad for the game of football *per se*, stressing as it does the individual instead of the team; yet I am duly impressed when So-and-So is referred to as an All-America, and more than a bit resentful when one of my personal favorites fails to receive a mention."

Perhaps this explains the enduring qualities of a patently outmoded, bewhiskered and discredited sports stunt—and that's all it started out to be. The conflict between the fan and the self-constituted authority. In one breath, Mr. Bushnell admits the whole thing is foul, evil rubbish, and in the next he can't wait to see who the new immortals are.

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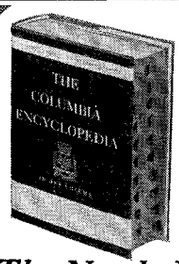

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left end. If the expert does, Mr. Bushnell thinks he's swell; if he doesn't, the guy is a bum without salt and the All-America business is "so much tommyrot." I suspect that Mr. Bushnell's name is Legion.

IV

In my bouncing around in sports I have found few people who ever had a kind word for the All-America fad. The critics admittedly go through the process of picking the teams with tongue in cheek. The coaches are resentful when a junior—and doubly so when a sophomore—is named. Makes 'em hard to handle, they say.

The Athletic Directors have gotten around to the notion that winning teams are more important than glittering individuals, so far as the box office is concerned—and the box office must always be a major concern. Bill Bingham, who heads athletics at Harvard, points out that the biggest money-making season the Crimson ever had was in 1929, when there wasn't a star on the team.

In preparing this deathless epic, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to learn what the young men who were picked for the All- team thought of their athletic deification. It was hardly workable to contact all the young immortals who had been named on all the All-teams. This would have meant getting in touch with half the population of North America. To simplify the matter, I wrote letters to the eleven men who appeared on the *Collier's* team.

I already knew what the writers thought, what the coaches thought, what the athletic directors thought—to these groups it was so much spinach. But it seemed pertinent to know what the youngsters thought. Did they give it a tumble, did it mean anything to them one way or another, how, if at all, did it influence their aims, ambitions, and general outlook on life, both in college and the business world that beckoned somewhat despairingly in the future?

Nine of the eleven replied. And almost without exception they were practically ga-ga about the whole thing. It was just too, too wonderful for words. Nothing had ever happened in their lives that was so dear to them. From the very first day they picked up a football they had but one goal in mind—and that was a place on somebody's All-America football team. Anybody's.

I couldn't but be impressed with the sincerity of the letters, the fine, youthful enthusiasm and appreciation of the tribute that had been paid them. Not to mention the eager vibrant resolve to step out and show the world that they were really All-America in every sense the phrase, in more adult circles, signifies.

To All-America Tackle Edmund Franco of Fordham, for instance, his appearance on the honor team was the poetic realization of a childhood dream, and it is his considered opinion that the practice is a "wonderful thing" because of the "inspirational" effect it has on the players and the squad.

All-America Halfback Marshall Goldberg of Pittsburgh is another who roamed the meadows as a mere tot looking forward to the proud moment he would receive the precious accolade. And when the moment arrived Mr. Goldberg "felt a new satisfaction, not self-satisfaction, but a new, stronger belief" in himself.

All-America Center Carl Hinkel of Vanderbilt likewise agrees it is one of the "greatest moments" of a football player's life. And he "honestly believes" that the football player, "like any other person in life, should strive to gain the highest point in his field."

Admitting that the selection "means something" and that he himself was "immensely pleased," All-America Halfback Whizzer White of Colorado insists a place on the honor team was not his pointed objective. "I did as well as possible and then let the situation take care of itself. If something clicked for me, O. K. If not, O. K."

All-America End Jerome Holland of Cornell believes it is "one of the most coveted honors a player can receive," and, introducing a ghastly commercial note, adds, "the players who are picked should receive some small reward."

All-America Guard Leroy Monsky of Alabama found the whole thing very warming and spiritual; he felt a "satisfaction that comes from within and is not shown on the outside."

All-America Tackle Victor Markov of Washington, while duly pleased, was moved to the criticism that the All- selectors are prone to be influenced by winning teams and headlines, thus ignoring authentic talent that may exist in more modest surroundings.

"One could go so far as to say," writes the realistic Mr. Markov, "that no All-America team is fair and representative, but since the public seems to demand one, I suppose the demand must be met."

I can assure Mr. Markov that whether the demand exists or not it is always furiously met at about this time each year. To a great many persons it is sheer nonsense. To the skeptics it is a commercial come-up and a circulation builder-upper. But to the earnest young men who play the game it is plainly the nuts. And perhaps that's sufficient to guarantee its continued existence.

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A YEAR or so ago Jerome Weidman created the most consummately despicable character in literature. His name was Harry Bogen, a smart know-it-all from the Bronx; and as this detestable hyena wisecracked and double-crossed his way through the crackling, coruscating pages of *I Can Get It for You Wholesale,* the Milquetoastish reader could only pray that he would fall under a steam roller, or be eaten alive by red ants, or step down the deepest elevator shaft in Rockefeller Center. But Jerome Weidman was heartless; he permitted his terrible hero to jilt a good-hearted girl from the Bronx, send his trusting business partner to jail on outrageously perjured testimony, and escape scot-free at the end to take up housekeeping on Central Park West with an actress. The boy from the Bronx had made good.

Somehow Harry Bogen's rhinestone success haunted me for days. Presumably he was to go through life framing his friends, gypping his customers, and grabbing off actresses for his glittering reward. He was the only fictional character I have ever really longed personally to punch in the nose.

At the time *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* appeared, Jerome Weidman promised us a sequel. For those who like to think well of the human race this side of the River Rhine, such an event was more to be feared than a visitation of the plague. But Weidman is a man of his word, and now we have the sequel under the characteristically Bogenish title of *What's in It for Me?* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). If possible, it presents Harry as more lost to human decency than ever before. Harry is unable to get credit rating in the dress-goods business because of the spectacular failure of his Apex Modes, but he manages to sneak back to a Seventh Avenue preferred position as the silent partner of a cautious Armenian named Yazdabian. The minute Harry goes back into business you know in your bones that the poor Armenian is about to lose his shirt, his pants, and his underwear as well.

Harry's scheme this time is the clever one of sending out dresses to good accounts on fake orders and then hocking the shipping receipts for big dough with Lenny Nissem, a Seventh Avenue character who is a pretty competent ghoul on his own account. In order to work his racket Harry has to wait until Yazdabian is out of town on a big selling trip. Harry's plan is to accumulate a big wad from Nissem and then skip to Europe with his actress friend, Martha Mills. As for his old mother in the Bronx, he doesn't think of what may become of her. But the reader thinks of her and wonders just how she will take the final and conclusive evidence that her son is a crook.

I picked up *What's in It for Me?* with a queasy confidence that Harry would somehow surmount all difficulties in his campaign to prove that the snide inherit the earth. Mr. Weidman's formula seemed so pat that one could not see him willfully deserting it at the start of a promising career. But along about page sixty it gradually seeped in upon me that Harry, this time, was going to get it good and proper in the neck. The realization was like the sudden shock of a double brandy, and the rest of *What's in It for Me?* was pure joy. Mr. Weidman should be knighted for his courage; in ruining Harry he has murdered a gold mine, quite as though Agatha Christie were to kill her detective, Hercule Poirot; or Rex Stout, his detective, Nero Wolfe. I won't reveal the progressive steps in Harry's discomfiture; any reader of *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* will want to follow them for himself. It is enough to say, here, that Mr. Weidman is as clever in tearing Harry's house of cards to pieces as he was in building it up. The New York locutions, the bing-bing Seventh Avenue wisecracking, the swift pace, and the keen eye for metropolitan character are all in palpable evidence, as solid in their impact as they were in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale.* And they are used to far, far better purpose. Only one thing remains for Mr. Weidman to do: he must write a short story depicting the death of Harry. And he must make it the most gruesome death in all literature.

John Fante's *Wait Until Spring, Bandini* (Stackpole, $2.50) invites comparison with—and contrast to—James Far-

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This new type of book department will begin with our January issue.* In preview it has already been hailed as "the most important book department in America."

* See page 4 for further details

rell's *No Star Is Lost* (Vanguard, $3). Each author writes about an underprivileged Catholic immigrant group, Mr. Fante's being Colorado Italian while Mr. Farrell's is Chicago Irish. Each brings a searing, disenchanted understanding to his subject. But Fante believes in the quintessentializing, "poetic" technique, while Farrell uses a mixture of the naturalistic and the grotesque.

So far as I am concerned there is plenty of house room in literature for both Mr. Fante and Mr. Farrell. Mr. Fante's Bandini family lives with a terrible frenzy; so do Mr. Farrell's Liz and Aunt Peg. And the frenzy comes through in each technique, no matter how dissimilar the styles and methods may be. If there is a real vital difference between Fante and Farrell, it is on the social-historian level. Mr. Fante's Italians have a timeless quality; I have met them all in Giovanni Verga and in Ignazio Silone. But with Mr. Farrell's Irish I know they are indigenous to an American slum, even a Chicago slum. Mr. Farrell's Danny O'Neill tetralogy—*No Star Is Lost* is the second volume in a series—has a distinct local habitation and a name. It, therefore, has a double worth which Mr. Fante's quintessentializing method denies to *Wait Until Spring, Bandini.*

But on its single plane Mr. Fante's novel is thoroughly enjoyable. The Bandinis live by their instincts, which are strong. Svevo Bandini, the bricklayer, gets involved with a widow, the rich Mrs. Hildegarde. But he really didn't want to be an adulterer; it was his cursing mother-in-law and the arrears of unpaid bills that sent him raging out of the house ready to seek consolation anywhere. He really didn't know he was seeking anything more than a drunken spree with his friend Roco; the consolation just crept up on him. His wife, ordinarily a meek, submissive, religious woman, hates him for his escapade, and tears his face to tatters with her nails when he visits home on Christmas Eve. But there comes a time when she wants him back. All the Bandinis swing between the polar extremes. Arturo, the oldest boy, hates himself for being a wop, hates his freckles, hates the ugly chickens in the back yard, hates himself when Rosa Pinelli deigns to ignore him. But Arturo has a deeply hidden family and race loyalty. He understands his father when the tormented artisan goes off with the widow Hildegarde, and he proves that he understands his mother also when he refuses to tell her of it. In the end it is Arturo—Arturo with his dog—who brings the family together again. The end would have been sentimental in anyone's telling but Mr. Fante's, but he makes it just right.

As for James Farrell's *No Star Is Lost,* it has the virtues which have been celebrated by me in more than one Farrell review. I want Farrell to go on, feeling certain that in writing his remembered youth out in Danny O'Neill he will discover a maturity in himself that will enable him to deal with themes that are inherent in the troubled, quasi-revolutionary 1930's.

Books for Christmas

Here's a handy list of some of the best books of the year. If there's no bookstore near you, we'll be glad to forward your orders to the proper publishers.

Fiction

REBECCA, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). Portrait of a man's dead first wife through the eyes of his timid second wife. Long, but because of its drama, very readable.

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO, by Rachel Field (Macmillan, $2.50). An exciting story of a woman who became unwittingly involved in a murder in France and who later sought refuge in America. Period: 1850–1875.

TO THE MARKET PLACE, by Berry Fleming (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75). A full and sensitive story of a group of young people searching for roots in today's changing world.

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST 49, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribners, $2.75). A full-length play about the Spanish War, and all Hemingway's short stories to date.

THE NOISE OF THEIR WINGS, by MacKinlay Kantor (Coward-McCann, $2.50). A short, strange, and interesting novel about a man who sought to restore passenger pigeons to America.

MAN'S HOPE, by Andre Malraux (Random House, $2.50). A novel dealing with the sound, fury, and the underlying motives of the war in Spain.

THE LONG VALLEY, by John Steinbeck (Viking, $2.50). Fifteen simple, moving stories—including "The Red Pony"—by the author of *Of Mice and Men.*

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THE FATHERS, by Allen Tate (Putnam, $2.50). A fine, sensitive story of Virginia in 1861, when local families were torn by conflicting loyalties.

World Affairs

WHILE ENGLAND SLEPT, by Winston S. Churchill (Putnam, $4). A review of the international situation since 1930.

THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by George S. Counts (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3). A challenging exploration of the concept of democracy—historical, analytical, and programmatic.

GUNS OR BUTTER, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart (Little, Brown, $3). The author of *British Agent* makes a new pilgrimage through Europe, observing and writing sharply.

Biography

GEORGE GERSHWIN, edited by Merle Armitage (Longmans, Green, $5). A collection of forty sketches and impressions of Gershwin, done by the people who knew him best.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, by Carl Van Doren (Viking, $3.75). One of the most important American biographies of one of the most important Americans.

BEHIND THE BALLOTS, by James A. Farley (Harcourt, Brace, $3). A remarkably candid account of the career of America's No. 2 politician.

ELIHU ROOT, by Philip C. Jessup (Dodd, Mead, $7.50). First biography of the man behind American history for four decades.

MARGARET SANGER (Norton, $3.50). Autobiography of a woman whose life has been a gallant fight against odds.

THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN, by Mark Sullivan (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50). Autobiography of a man who has observed and written of American history for fifty years.

LAFAYETTE, by W. E. Woodward (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50). Swift, sound biographical history.

Pictorial

CECIL BEATON'S NEW YORK, by Cecil Beaton (Lippincott, $4). Amusing, sometimes sparkling, trivia about Manhattan—in pictures, photographs, words.

HIGH IRON, by Lucius Beebe (Appleton-Century, $5). Chronicle in prose and pictures of the romance of railroads.

U. S. CAMERA 1939, edited by T. J. Maloney (Morrow, $2.90). A handsome collection of a group of the year's best photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE AMERICAN SCENE, by Robert Taft (Macmillan, $10). Lively, authentic, and well-illustrated history of photography from 1839 to 1889. For student or layman.

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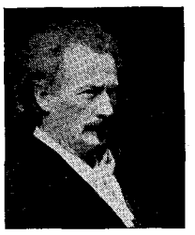

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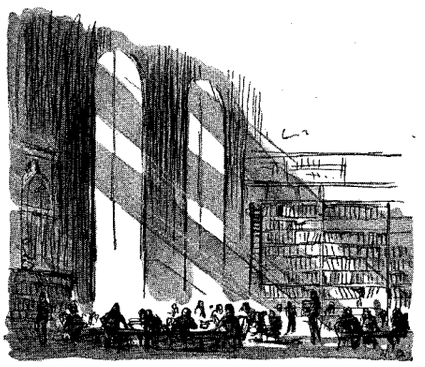

Maestro

In each issue we are trying to examine briefly the education of some well-known person. Last month we chose Justice Cardozo and Cardinal Hayes, and this month we turn to Arturo Toscanini.

In several biographical studies of the great conductor, we found his musical accomplishments spotlighted and his youth left in shadow. This much is known: he was born in Parma, Italy, in 1867, had an average elementary-school education until he was nine years old, and then, showing an interest in music, entered the Parma Conservatory. There he continued academic work and studied music under extremely able teachers. At graduation, when he was eighteen, Toscanini won his first distinction—he was given first prize for 'cello playing.

That was the end of a formal education, the beginning of a great career.

Breaking Bounds

Strange business in the schools these days. We could once count on a fixed routine of courses from mathematics to the classics, but now the curricula stop at nothing.

Item: Syracuse University, encouraged by a mandate from 80 per cent of its male students and 96 per cent of its female students, offers a course on marriage problems—physical, psychological, sociological, and economic. Although the men approved of the course, only women have registered for it to date.

Item: Pennsylvania State College has initiated a Wild-Life Research Unit for the benefit of birds, animals, farmers, and sportsmen. It will look into forest conditions, deer population, diets of game birds, and black-bear propagation.

Item: In Brooklyn, N. Y., a new $2,500,000 High School of Automotive Trades gives courses in various branches of the trade from cleaning a spark plug to operating a show room. Twenty-five hundred boys are now at work on the 94 new cars which have been disassem-

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bled for their use. Most popular is the "collision" department, where the boys repair their own battered cars.

Item: In 72 of New York City's high schools, youngsters are starting imaginary trips to California, Louisiana, China, Brazil, and elsewhere. They will discover "the rivers and valleys along the route (geography); how to read timetables and count up the cost of the trip (arithmetic); how to write letters to their friends in the East (grammar)." All this without budging off Manhattan Island or spending a dime.

Our Declining Population

One of the serious problems confronting American educators today lies in the decline in American population growth, according to Rufus D. Smith, provost of New York University. With an imposing bagful of statistics, Mr. Smith writes in *Survey Graphic* that America's population will probably reach a stationary point in a few years and then begin to drop; that most of the decrease is among children; and that this change may mean profound adjustment in the mechanism of American education.

It is something to think about. Today's discussion of education usually surrounds its content and its relation to changing world philosophies. Here is comment on a totally different plane, relating education to a physical phenomenon, an enormously suggestive one (this population drop, by the way, has been noted as well in Europe), and one which some observers consider of great importance in modern history.

Quotation of the Month

"It is not from books entirely that instruction is to be drawn. They should only be subservient to our main purpose. . . . When doubts and uncertainties arise, they may sometimes explain the difficulty and point to the truth. Frequently, however, they lead us astray. . . . Ideas, when vended in a book, carry with them a kind of dignity and certainty which awe many into implicit belief. . . . Reason, thus hushed into slumber, sleeps in secure repose. To dare to think, to think for oneself, is denominated pride and arrogance. And millions of human minds are in this state of slavery and tyranny."—Bronson Alcott, 1826. From *The Journals of Bronson Alcott*, Edited by Odell Shepard.—R. B.

The Scribner Quiz — Answers

(see page 32)

1. The Bill of Rights (4)
2. Washington (3)
3. Cormorants (4)
4. An American dance hall (2)
5. Thomas Jefferson (4)
6. RFC [Reconstruction Finance Corp.] (3)
7. The sister ship of the *Queen Mary* (1)
8. Dance (3)
9. Hawks (3)
10. Mutt and Jeff (6)
11. "Through all the wide border his steed was the best" (4)
12. *Collier's* (3)
13. Great Britain (3)
14. For the first year (3)
15. New York (4)
16. Arkansas (3)
17. Chicago (2)
18. The shaven part of a monk's head (2)
19. A secretary (5)
20. Procrastinator (2)
21. A Negro chef (1)
22. Arizona (4)
23. Irving Berlin (2)
24. The Juneau harbor has ice at times (2)
25. They planted deciduous trees only (4)
26. "How are your 19 newspapers going?" (1)
27. The 1-mile and ½-mile run (4)
28. Murder (4)
29. Ukulele (6)
30. Stormy petrels [birds] (4)
31. Brushed up to curls on top of head (4)
32. $25,000 (2)
33. A bishop's mitre is a headdress (2)
34. Washing machines (3)
35. *The Shepherd of the Hills* (5)
36. A former professor (1)
37. Hit a power line on the take-off (1)
38. Will Hays [the industry's censor] (4)
39. Firing it [it's a gun] (3)
40. 1923 [the *West Virginia*] (2)
41. Low freight rates (6)
42. Australia, Tasmania, or New Zealand (4)
43. 70,000,000 (4)
44. Sequins (3)
45. Failure of blood to coagulate (2)
46. Shakespeare [*Julius Cæsar*] (1)
47. Seizure of U. S. private properties (3)
48. Smoke from the ship's funnels (2)
49. Cardenas (Hungary) [Mexican President] (5)
50. Dance (2)

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One answer to the annual Christmas-gift problem is to make a present of a dog. The kennels of America have more than one hundred breeds, sizes, shapes, colors, and characters of dogdom. It would be difficult, indeed, to discover the person to whom none was suited.

The giver of a dog, however, must beware lest his choice of breed prove a bad one and create a post-Christmas housing problem for the receiver. A frolicsome Airedale terrier might delight the youngster in the suburbs, but it wouldn't do in an apartment full of valuable Oriental rugs and tapestry-covered furniture. On the other hand, a nicely bloomed Pekingese would be fine for a lonely lady of the city, but would hardly appeal to the man who spends his weekend thrashing about for pheasant or quail.

The buyer should avoid roadside stands unless he is certain established kennels are behind them. The cheap roadside puppy may be likable, but all too often he develops into an awkward, ungainly, and sickly specimen—occasionally even one of mixed breeding. We know of one such kennel which presented a pedigree that might have looked downright glamorous to the uninitiated but which actually had champions from two or three different breeds in the lineage. Of course names of well-publicized dogs had been exploited.

It is safe to say no good dog is worth much less than $50. When one realizes that the dog may be with the receiver for from six to a dozen years, the original price, allocated over that span, does not seem large. One should obtain with such a dog, however, a certificate of American Kennel Club litter registration, a fully developed and authenticated pedigree, and a guarantee of health.

As an added bit of advice we might suggest the purchase of a bit of literature on the breed involved, so that the new owner may know something of its care, its habits, and its utility.

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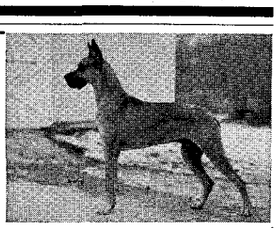

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There Is Still the Night

(continued from page 59)

war—that it's fun. *Pour le sport* . . . Fascist blood runs red too, Steve, and Fascist women cry tears, not pebbles. You oughtn't do it, Steve. Not you."

She dealt it out just that way, looking straight at me, and I didn't get sore. I just looked at her and something inside me said, "Check, lady," and I knew this was one person I could take it from the rest of my life and like it. And I don't know just how it happened but suddenly we were kissing. I mean, just that way. We were standing there one minute, looking at each other that way, and then I was feeling the breath of her in my mouth and the taste of her way deep somewhere and the small tight roundness of her breasts pushed up against me, and something in me, something I'd almost forgotten was there, was down on its knees before her and I was thinking, "Yes, yes, it's true, it could all be different, I could go back and do it over again and this time it would make sense, because you were there. . . ."

So after a minute we stood apart and I looked at her and saw that she was trembling a little. I took her hand and put it against my cheek. "You're cold," I said. I took out the key to my stateroom, put it in her palm, and closed my fingers around it. "You better go first," I said. "If any of my neighbors are promenading about, I'll get in their way long enough so you won't be seen." I was holding her little closed fist in mine; I put it to my lips. Then I looked at her face and got kind of sick. Not metaphorically. Sick. Like when you've taken one a bit low. It was the door again. You'd think by now I'd have learned better. When you're a kid you soon enough learn to duck under that overhead beam in the cellar. But no matter how many times you bump your face against that door marked *Finished* you never seem to learn.

I opened her hand and took the key. It was warm and a little grimy to my touch. "I'm sorry, Kay." She stood there, looking at me. "I said I was sorry," I said. "There's no use making a speech about it, is there? Let's just go back and start all over again where the moon came in."

"Don't, Steve." She seemed to be reaching for her voice somewhere to one side of her before the words actually came. "It was . . . so nice. Don't try to make it seem like anything else."

"White of you, Denham," I said. "But if you don't mind, I'll just go on being a heel. Less trouble."

"Oh, don't," she cried. Her voice broke a little. "Can't you let anything be, Steve? Isn't there one thing you'll let be, without dragging it into the bitterness."

I looked at her. There were tears in her eyes and I began to get a glimmer of something that hadn't occurred to me before. It wasn't that she didn't care. That wasn't what the look had meant at all.

She said it in a minute. "I wanted to take that key, Steve. I wanted to run to your cabin and wait there for you in the dark, thinking of nothing in the world but waiting for you. But . . . I couldn't. It was something—all of a sudden—that I'd be doing to Brian too. Don't you see, Steve?"

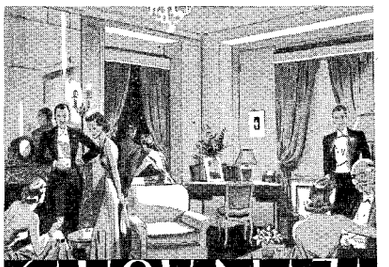
Yes, I saw. I saw that we belonged together, that she knew it as well as I, that it was right there for us, and yet somehow it was just beyond the moon.

"Brian would have to know, Steve." Her eyes were wide, looking at me, the lashes still beaded with tears. "I'd have to tell him. And it would be like . . . like kicking seven years apart."

Don't ask me why. Why it would be like kicking seven years apart. Or why she'd have to tell him at all. There's no arguing about moralities. You just feel them or you don't. And while from where I sat, in this year of grace 1937, it was kind of hard for me to believe, I'd have bet my shirt just the same that there'd never been any other man in Kay's life but her Brian—before or after. And it wasn't his forgiveness she was concerned about now either. I saw that. That would be easy. It was the fact that he'd know she couldn't have been casual about this sort of thing, that it would have had to mean something very important to her. And *that* would be the shadow between them, ever after. I could see it, so clearly.

"Brian loves me, Steve," she said. "We've been building something pretty swell and solid between us, these seven years."

Yes. And what could we build, she and I, after this moment? Another mo-



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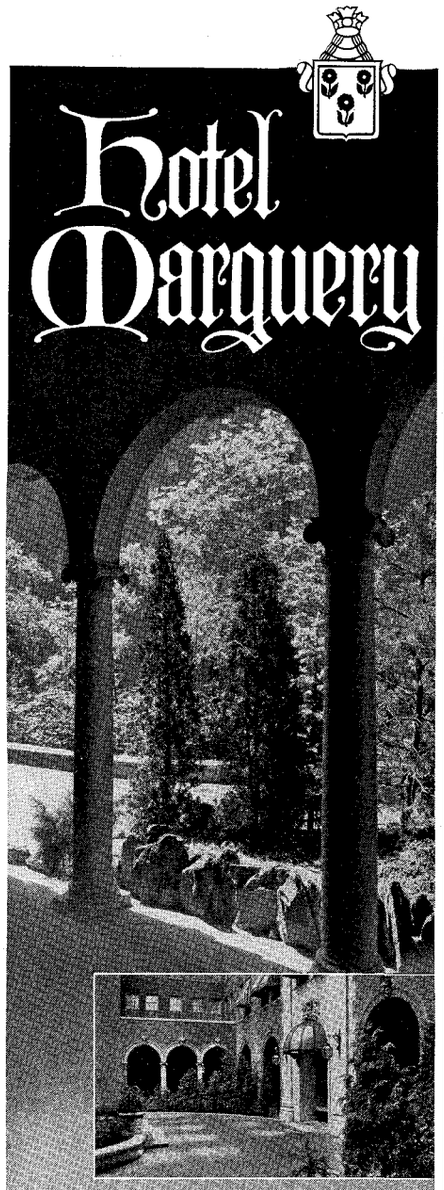

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ment, snatched sometime, somewhere . . . No, it wasn't in the cards. I knew she was still asking me, in a way, to make up her mind, to take her judgment and conscience and throw it overboard to those crystal blossoms making strange silver music without thought and without end against nothingness and unendingness. And I knew I wasn't going to do it. I was going to be a boy scout about it, heaven help me.

"It's all right, Kay," I said, after a minute. "I understand, fine. But it still adds up to big brother from now on, doesn't it?"

"Don't be bitter, Steve," she said. "Please. Try to understand. It's not that I don't care—"

"All right, all right," I said. "I'm not being bitter. You don't expect me to start singing hosannas about it, do you?" But I didn't have the guts to just let it stand at that, so I bent down and put my lips against her temple for a moment and then I turned and beat it.

VIII

It's not so easy to stay out of a person's way on board ship. I'd run into her all the time. At first it was just she alone, standing at the rail with the wind blowing her hair and making those skipping folds across the hollow of her back, and I'd wonder how at my age the mere sight of a woman could turn me so sick and bitter and hungry. But I knew I had to keep steering clear of her as much as possible if I was going to handle it at all. I mean, it's one thing keeping a grip on yourself when you're tacitly accepting the fact that here's someone else's woman. But it was different now. Kay might still be someone else's woman—maybe more so than ever now, because she'd had to fight to stay that way—but I'd held her in my arms and I knew she was *my* woman too, some way. And from the look I'd catch on Kay's face now and again I had an idea she knew it, too.

I noticed after a couple of days that she was spending more and more time with Ramon. I was beyond thinking anything about that—except maybe being a little glad that the kid was getting a sort of a break out of the mess at least. I could tell from the look on his face when I saw them together that he was going back to the year one and telling her all about it . . . And then the morning after we left Havana, Kay stopped me on deck to tell me about Ramon. A crazy, unreasoning hope went through me like a shot when I saw her walking up to me, alone. "She does care," I thought. "It's there in her face. No one can tell me she doesn't care . . ."

But I knew it was crazy and hopeless even while I was thinking it. We weren't going to do anything about it. Because we loved Honor more . . .

"Hello, Kay," I said. "What's new?" I cleared my throat and tried to smile.

She clasped her hands and looked down at them. "Have you heard about Ramon," she said.

"No." My stomach dropped another foot. "What about him? Anything wrong?"

"He's going to Spain."

"Oh that." For a minute I'd thought that goofy kid had thrown himself overboard or something.

She looked at me. "You knew?"

"Uh huh."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

I shrugged. "I thought if he wanted you to know he'd tell you himself." I looked at her face and pushed down a momentary surge of bitterness that rose in me. "Funny," I said. "I seem to have dropped most of my rather well-developed faculties somewhere, before getting on this boat. I'd been imagining all along you were going to feel pretty proud of the boy, when you found out."

"Yes, proud," she said. "I'll start waving a flag in a minute. Proud. Oh, it's *criminal*," she burst out. "You—and now that boy . . . *Boy* . . . He's just a baby, really. Going over there to be . . ."

Again I had to fight down the something in me that wanted to be hard and bitter. "He's going to fight for the Loyalists, Kay," I said. "For the *people*. Señor Ramon y Villalta de Perea. Descendant of the Conquistadores. Doesn't that mean anything?"

She said nothing.

"What about democracy?" I remembered. But she hadn't come to me for a lesson in logic. I could see that. "It's all in the point of view, Kay. You said something like that yourself the other night. About things adding up . . . Sure, he could go into the pulque business instead, I suppose, and grow old grinding up the hearts and souls of his peons into the mash. And raise a potbelly and get to know all about futility and compromise and *tedium vitae*—"

"Oh, stop it, Steve," she cried. "Life's something to be lived, even with a potbelly. Not thrown away. All I know is, it'll be for nothing in the end—the way all war is for nothing. And that beautiful boy will be dead. Or worse."

I wanted to say something about putting down Fascism in Spain wasn't for nothing, any more than Christianity was for nothing two thousand years ago, or

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the French Revolution or the American Revolution. But I saw there was no use talking about it any more. It wasn't so much what she'd said, as something in her voice that made me know how moved she was. And I wanted, really *wanted,* very much, to reassure her, tell her there was a better-than-even chance the kid would come through with a whole skin. But I didn't. What I said was, "Look, Kay. Do you think it might seem a little less tragic to you if the boy weren't quite so good-looking? I mean, there are a lot of other people fighting over there."

I'd have given a lot to take it back a second after it was out. I don't know what had got into me. It was a miserable thing to say. Maybe it wasn't "a lot of other people" I'd meant. Maybe it was me, and why wasn't she shedding tears over me and the possibility of me lying somewhere and my face somewhere else.

She looked up at me and I'd rather have taken a well-planted kick in the belly. There was something besides hurt in her eyes, some kind of resolution there —as if, I thought wretchedly, I'd just helped her settle my own hash.

"One thing, Steve Brandon," she said, after a moment. "He won't take that—that stupid bitterness of yours to his death." She turned swiftly and almost ran down the deck. I stood and looked after her, wondering just what she'd meant.

Next day the sky was overcast. It rained for a while during the afternoon, the wind kept rising, and by nightfall the ship had acquired a lilt that wasn't much good for humming to but was pretty good for reminding you of day before yesterday's pineapple fritters. We ran into a real gale that night. I don't know just what time it was—somewhere between two and three in the morning, I imagine—that I woke with a dank conviction in the pit of my stomach that we'd just rammed into an iceberg. I jumped out of bed and the roll of the ship nearly floored me. I saw my suitcase come sliding out from under the bed and heard the light clatter of a comb on the bathroom tiles. A strange bluish-gray light hung outside the barred porthole. Unearthly is the word that came to me. It was like no dawn I'd ever seen or dreamed of.

I careened into some clothes and went out on deck. The sea too was like something out of time and reality. I'd never pictured anything so wild. It threw up solid mountains and whittled them away again, so fast that one minute you thought the whole ocean was going to fall on you and the next you

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Scribner's Magazine

published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1st, 1938

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared WARREN T. MAYERS, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

PUBLISHER: Harlan Logan, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR: Harlan Logan, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

MANAGING EDITOR: Don Wharton, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Warren T. Mayers, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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WARREN T. MAYERS, *Business Manager*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of Sept., 1938.

B. K. RYSKIND, Notary Public, New York Co.
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(My commission expires March 30, 1940.)

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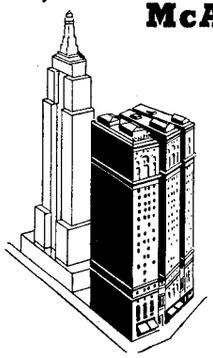

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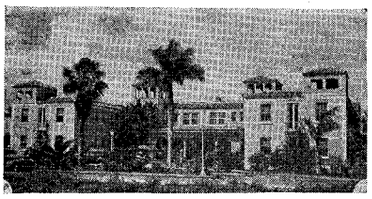

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were hanging by your teeth over the edge of a mile-deep canyon waiting to drop and be swallowed, together with the whole ship, like a matchstick.

I started out for Kay's stateroom to see if she were all right, but it was heavy going. Finally I caromed into a ship's officer who turned me back with the shouted assurance that everything was under control. I let it go at that; navigating against that wind was like moving against a stone wall that had suddenly decided to move in the opposite direction.

IX

THINGS quieted down after a while and it must have been about six when I fell asleep. It was noon when I awoke, and the ship was coming into the harbor. I didn't go up on deck. I hung around my cabin, with a kind of empty feeling in the poop, trying to decide whether I ought to stop and say good-by to Kay on the pier or just go on. But she decided for me. I'd finished with the perfunctory customs examination of my luggage and was looking around for a porter when she ran up.

"Steve."

"Hello, Kay." I looked around. "Say, how do you get hold of a porter in this—"

"Steve!" I looked at her now. She looked excited—not joyously so. Tense, and confused. "Steve. You were going without saying good-by."

I didn't say anything. There suddenly didn't seem to be anything to say.

"Please come and say hello to Brian. I . . . want you to know him."

"All right," I said. "Ramon's down the line a way. Shall we get hold of him too and make it sort of old home week?"

Her head went back a little. "Don't you want to, Steve?"

"Sure. Sure," I said. "I'm dying to meet Brian." Then I dropped it suddenly. "Sorry, Kay. I guess I wasn't cut out to play Camille. Come on." I took her arm. "Let's say hello to Brian."

He was standing by a pile of luggage, squinting around at the loaded porters hurrying by. He turned as we came up. "This is Steve Brandon, Brian," Kay said. He smiled and stuck out his hand. He was about my size but he could probably have taken me if he were madder than I was. He looked trimmer somehow, and with a better face—good firm jaw and fine gray eyes.

We shook hands and I waited for him to say something like "Kay's been telling me all about you." But he didn't, just stood there looking at Kay as if he wasn't quite sure he knew her very well but if it was a mistake he was awful glad.

"Looks as if we'll be here for another hour at this rate," he said. Just then he spotted a porter with an empty truck and was off like a shot. "Mine," he said over his shoulder, with a grin. "Hang on a minute, won't you, Brandon?"

"Well?" Kay said, looking after him.

"Yes," I said.

She looked up at me.

"I don't have to tell you," I said. "You know."

She nodded. I tried to think of something more to say. "Some business last night, wasn't it?"

"Awful." She put her fingers to her temples. "I feel so . . . sort of panicky all of a sudden, Steve." I could have matched her there. But there was no use pooling it. We were each having enough trouble managing our own, I figured. I just said nothing.

"Did you notice that weird bluish light?" she said. "When the wind first struck?" I nodded. "Like something out of this world, wasn't it? An omen . . ."

"Uh huh," I said. "Just for us. A symbol. Complete with gale."

She looked at me. Her face was quite pale, almost wan.

"Kay," I said.

She gave her head a little shake. "It was so strange," she said quickly. "I was dreaming about you and all at once I woke and there was that strange light and the world seemed to be tipping up and I thought for a moment the ship must be sinking. I remember saying, 'Steve,' aloud, and then I looked over at the dresser and it was so strange. The little Madonna was—"

She stopped then. I stopped too. Everything inside me stopped.

I was thinking of her face that night, her stammered words, and me standing there like a dope, taking it all in, reading meanings into it for her, thinking how fine and wonderful she was . . . I wanted to laugh, howl. And then I didn't want to laugh . . . I don't know what I wanted. Maybe if we'd been alone just then I'd have taken hold of her and found out what it feels like to slap a woman till she drops.

As if through the wrong end of a pair of opera glasses I'd seen Denham come up with the porter in tow. He gave some instructions about the luggage, then turned to Kay and took her arm. "What were you saying, darling?"

Her face had gone deathly pale. "About what, Brian?"

"I don't know." He looked at me. "Something about a Madonna . . ."

I felt as if someone had smeared glue

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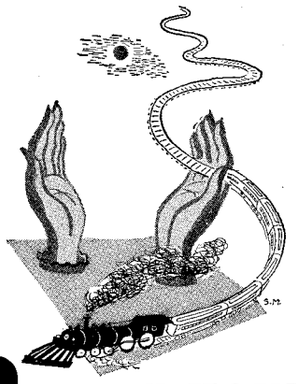

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on my mouth and I wouldn't be able to open it again for a month. But I pushed a smile out on my face and said, "You can thank your stars there was a hurricane last night, Denham—now that thing got smashed up. I did my darnedest to steer her away from it in Panama. But you may as well face it, Denham. When it comes to native bric-a-brac, your wife's a sucker."

Oh, I wasn't being chivalrous. I knew Kay's eyes were on me and I knew what they were saying. But I didn't want any thanks. I hadn't done it for her. Let her tell him, or not. That was her own damn business.

And now to complete the picture, Ramon came up. I couldn't look squarely at him. But I saw him bowing to Denham and I noticed that at least he had the grace to seem a little strained about it. Then he turned to Kay. "Good-by, Kay," he said. He looked at her face as if he were taking a print of it on his memory. He wanted to say something; it was trembling on his lips, but then he swallowed it, bowed to her too the way he had to Denham and said, *"Vaya con Dios, Señora."*

"Good-by, Ramon." She held out her hand to him, and he bent over it. I saw her looking at me over that bent head and suddenly all the bitterness was out of me and I was right back on my knees before her, the way I'd been that night, asking her to forgive me for being the world's biggest prune. I saw it now. *"One thing, Steve Brandon . . . He won't take that stupid bitterness of yours to his death . . ."* It had been her gesture against that stupid war and that stupid death she thought he was going to die. Not three pairs of woolen socks or a tin of cigarettes or a Gideon Bible. Something that counted, something that might—for her, the way she was—make a difference the rest of her life.

And I did something then that makes me feel like a fool still, every time I think of it. I took her hand, the other one that Ramon wasn't holding, and put it to my lips. It must have looked as stagy as hell. I guess we were still logy with those weeks of starlight and prevailing winds, the three of us. . . .

Anyway, I looked up in a minute and saw Denham looking at Kay with a funny kind of smile and realized how funny it must seem to him—the two of us hanging on to her that way. I straightened up and tried to smile back at him and felt it freezing on my face, and—well, I've never felt such a jackass in all my life.

But all Denham said was, "How about getting your stuff attended to, Brandon? Then we can all go have a drink."

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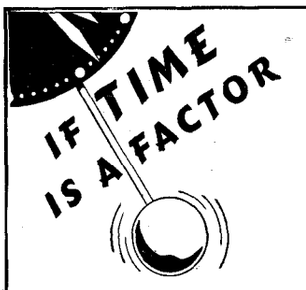

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X

THE sun was down in flames over the city. It looked very pretty, all runny gold and scarlet among crumbling rose and saffron pillars. We weren't thinking about how pretty it looked, either of us. We were thinking that there'd been no bombing raid today. But there was still the night, of course.

I saw an orderly approaching. "Well, I guess I'd better be going, kid."

Ramon's eyes remained looking out over the city for a moment, eyes that had grown narrower and sharper of focus since a year ago, eyes that had grown used to scanning the sky for approaching planes, sighting along a rifle . . . He turned to me now. "So you will be leaving soon, Steve? I mean, for the States?"

"Tomorrow. No use my hanging around here."

"Where will you go? Back to the Coast?"

I shook my head. "New York, I think. There are still things I can do. You know, raising money, supplies . . ."

He nodded. "Maybe I will join you there soon." He smiled wanly and waggled his bad arm a little. "If this doesn't behave."

"You'll be all right," I said.

"Sure."

There was still something I had to find out, though. I didn't know just how to go about it. "Anything I can do for you when I get to New York, kid?" I hesitated. "You know, any messages—or anything." I was looking squarely at him. I could see no change of expression.

"Some cartons of Luckies maybe," he said. "If you think of it."

"I'll think of it. Anything else?"

"Some back issues of *Esquire*."

"Okay. I'll send you a boatload." I got up and put out my hand. He ignored it and hooked his good arm around my shoulder. "*Adios, amigo*. Victory will be ours in the end, never fear."

"Right." We both wanted so desperately to feel that we'd done something, left parts of ourselves here to some purpose. "Right," I said again. "We can't lose."

And we both knew we were lying. There wasn't going to be any victory. Not for us anyway. Not for Spain either, or Spaniards. For new spheres of influence maybe. For British diplomacy. Footholds in the Mediterranean or something. Death was going to win this war. Or Death's current namesakes, Hitler and Mussolini.

"Good-by, kid," I said. "See you in New York, maybe."

"Good-by, Steve. Go with God."

I went some place and had a couple of drinks and thought about him, standing there on the balcony looking out over the city. And about Kay . . .

Those hours she'd spent with him—he was to have carried them with him, against all this, against even death. "*At least he won't take that stupid bitterness of yours to his death.*" That was what she'd said. That was the idea. But I'd looked in his face, listened to his voice. And those hours weren't there. Kay herself wasn't there. Not even the boy he'd been was there. Only the war was there.

Funny how things worked out. Me now—I'd thought of almost nothing else, during the past year—driving ambulance, walking with stretchers, looking into dead faces. Lying wakeful in the long nights, I'd think of her, wondering what she'd be doing now—midnight, two o'clock, four o'clock; wondering if there was a remote chance she might be up, too, thinking about me, wondering what I was doing, if I were alive or dead . . .

It was evening when I came out into the street, a fine spring evening. The guns were silent. There were a lot of stars out. The same stars that had been out over the Caribbean a little more than a year ago. No, not the same exactly. At the Hayden Planetarium in New York they show you how the geography of the sky changes as you move about the earth. Possibly you didn't know that Centauri, the nearest star to the earth, is something more than 27,000,000,000,000 miles away. Try telling that to your heart sometime when it's giving you trouble. Say that nothing that happens to me under the stars can really be very important, after all, when you consider that Centauri, the nearest star, is more than twenty-seven trillion miles away. What are the dead eyes of a few soldiers against all those miles of nothing? What are the scared eyes of a few women running frantically up and down a shattered street, calling a name again and again? What are the faces of a few dead kids that you can't rub out of your mind, against all those miles of nothing? Why, if someone were smart enough to fashion a bomb that would blow up the whole shebang, with all its scurrying sweating loving hating little people, you wouldn't even be able to see the *pouf* in Centauri until four years later. . . .

No. They weren't the same stars. Ramon knew how different they were. Ramon had forgotten. But they were still the same stars to me, worse luck.

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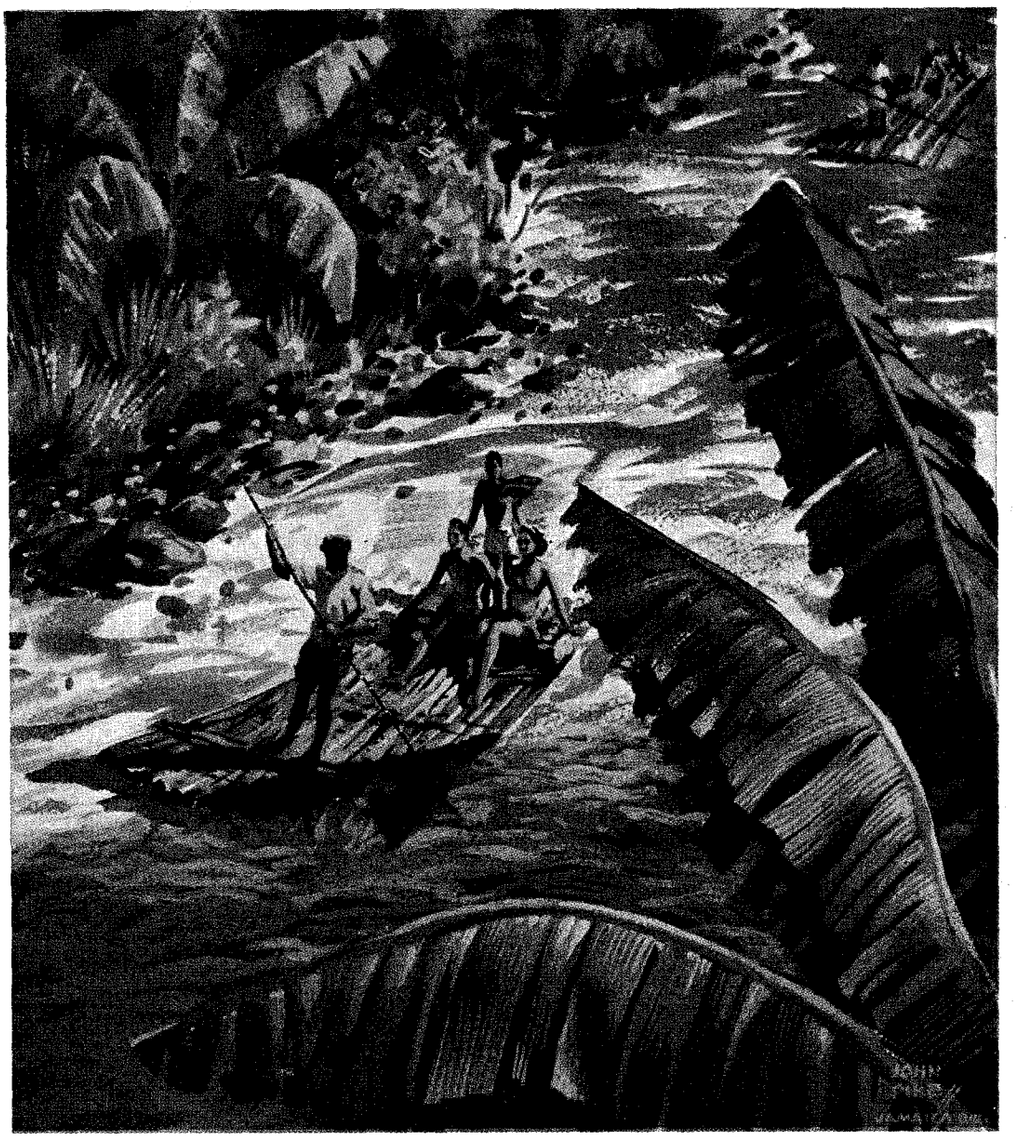
A NEW KIND OF VACATION



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JAMAICA

BLUE MOUNTAINS — EMERALD SEA

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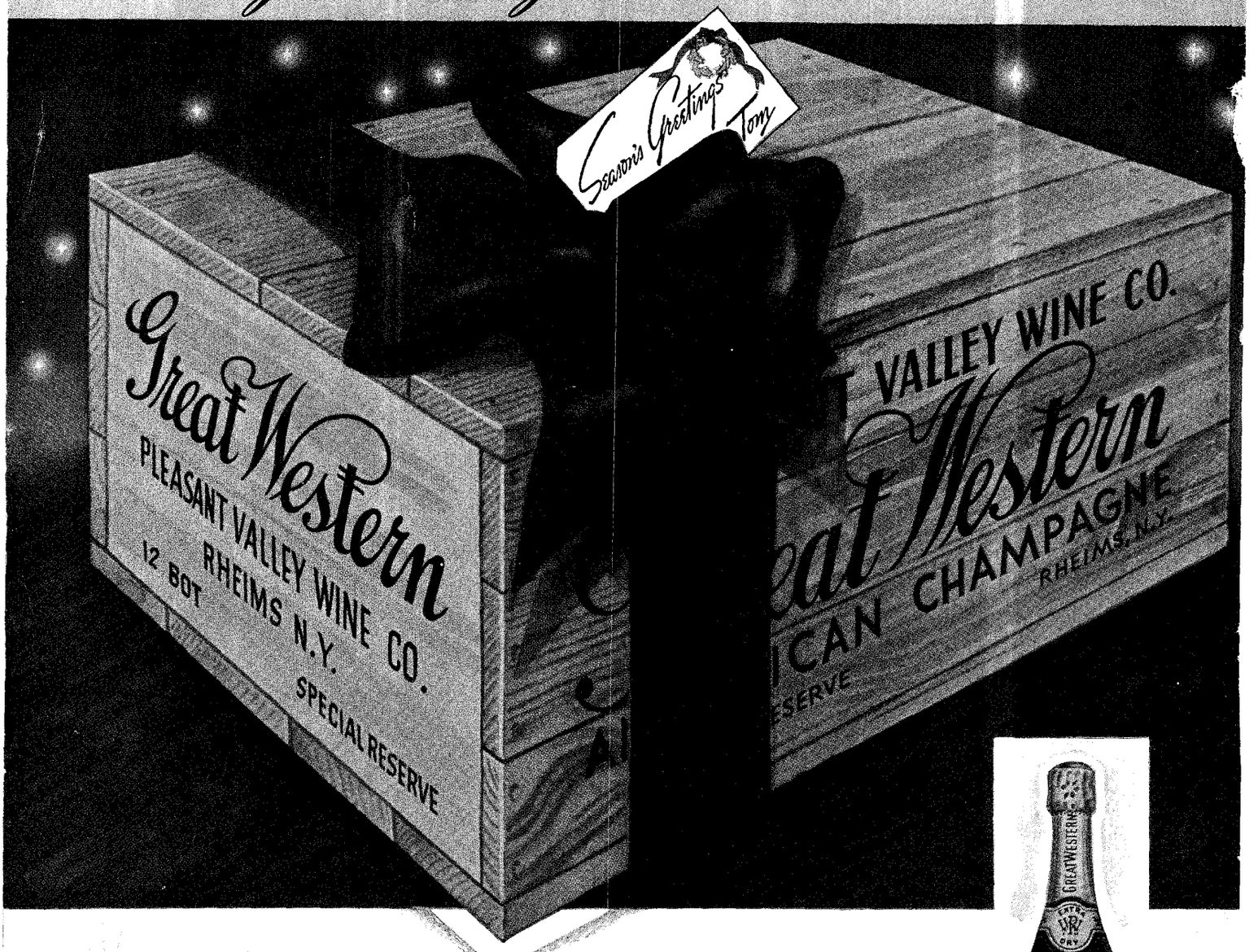
Holiday Greetings with Great Western



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